

MARCH 20, 1943

Periodical

AMERICA

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Francis Stuart Campbell

REVERIE IN WASHINGTON

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXVIII

15 CENTS

NUMBER 24

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The America Press . . . Desk M. H.
70 East 45th Street New York, N. Y.

Editor-in-Chief: FRANCIS X. TALBOT. Executive Editor: JOHN LA FARGE.
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President, America Press: FRANCIS X. TALBOT. Treas.: DANIEL M. O'CONNELL.
Business Office: GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

AMERICA. Published weekly by The America Press, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., 70 E. 45th St., New York, N.Y., March 20, 1943, Vol. LXVIII, No. 24, Whole No. 1740. Telephone MUrray Hill 3-0197. Cable Address: Cathreview. Domestic, 15 cents a copy; yearly \$4.50; Canada, \$5.50; 17 cents a copy. Foreign, \$6.00; 20 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA, A Catholic Review of the Week, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

MARCH 20, 1943

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WHO'S WHO

BENJAMIN L. MASSE, Associate Editor of AMERICA, presents the first of two articles on the Sword of the Spirit plan for post-war social order, with brief analyses of other British and American plans for social reform by way of comparison. The second article will follow next week. . . . FRANCIS STUART CAMPBELL is a scholarly and much traveled student of international affairs who is particularly interested in the diversity of European political thought. . . . FRANKLIN DUNHAM, until recently Executive Director of the National Catholic Community Service, has been named as special consultant to the Secretary of War on educational matters. . . . How many women are working in war industries, what they are doing, and what will be done to them after the war, is a topic of much, but not always informed, discussion. MARY J. MCCORMICK, Associate Professor of Social Work, Loyola University, Chicago, presents a facts-and-figures survey of the situation, based on intensive study, research and experience. . . . LUDWIG GREIN, author of *Peace and Bread*, is a writer who believes that a future history of actual bread and peace can now be best written with machine tools. So he is working in a defense plant and tells AMERICA readers what it is like. Mr. Grein, during the last war, served as a wireless operator with the German Navy Zeppelins. . . . SISTER ROSAIRE GREWEN, C.S.J., obtained her Ph. D. in French at the University of Montreal. She at present teaches at the College of Saint Rose in Albany, New York. . . . THE POETS: Daniel Smythe, of Arlington, Va.; Sister M. Bernetta, of Winona, Minn.; Henry Rago, of Chicago and Margaret D. Conway, of Scranton, Pa.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Planning the Future. Transmitting to Congress, on March 10, two major studies of the National Resources Planning Board, the President wrote:

We can all agree on our objectives and on our common determination that work, fair pay and social security after the war is won must be firmly established for the people of the United States of America.

Therewith he dumped into the legislative lap Document No. 1, *Security, Work and Relief Policies*, and Document No. 2, *National Resources Development—Report for 1943*. The former is a fat volume of 640 pages dealing with ways of strengthening and expanding the social-security program; the latter is a smaller book—only eighty-one pages—but hardly less important, since it proposes nothing less than a detailed plan for the shift after the war back to peace-time production, and a reorganization of our industrial structure in the interest of full production. A good many may question the wisdom of asking our lawmakers to deal with these problems now, and among these will surely be those members of Congress who have lately shown a somewhat puerile pique toward the NRPB. But unless we are to drift aimlessly into the post-war whirlpool, we must move at once to plan our destiny. Toward this planning, the authors of these Reports have made an expert and invaluable contribution. They can do no more. Now it is up to Congress to make the decisions on which our future depends. It can be grateful for the efficient spadework that has been done.

Diplomatic Furore. To say that Admiral William H. Standley's blunt complaint that American war aid has been concealed from the Russian people caused a mild flurry in Washington would be incorrect. "Sensation" would be a better word. To say, furthermore, that Vice President Wallace, on the very same day that our Ambassador to Moscow was accusing the Soviets of giving the impression that they were fighting the war alone, happened by sheer coincidence to refer to Russia in a speech on the post-war world might also be incorrect. After all, who knows what seemingly fortuitous events may occur by plan in the inner circles of high diplomacy? The fact is that while Admiral Standley was giving Mr. Stalin a taste of that gentleman's own two-fisted talk, Mr. Wallace was warning a Conference on Christian Bases of World Order that World War No. 3 is inevitable unless "the Western democracies and Russia come to a satisfactory understanding." He referred specifically, among other things, to the disastrous effects that would ensue if "we double-cross Russia," or "if Russia should again embrace the Trotskyist idea of fomenting world-wide revolution." At the State Department, Sumner Welles announced succinctly

that Admiral Standley had spoken "without prior consultation or reference to this Government," that no further comment would be made until the text of the Ambassador's remarks arrived in Washington. Wendell Willkie, out of his seemingly vast knowledge of Russia, castigated both speakers. Various Senators and Representatives said various things. Messrs. Roosevelt and Churchill were silent. Best guess as to what was up seemed to be that the British and American Governments, tired of Stalin's assumption that Russia is fighting the war alone, took this means to remind the Russian leader that the other United Nations are in the war, too.

Realistic Thinking. Mr. Wallace's speeches have a way of exasperating "practical" men, and his talk last week was no exception. The typical American, the typical modern man everywhere, prefers slogans to ideas, and is instantly on guard when he meets a thinker who burrows beneath the kaleidoscopic surface of modern life. Such a man he regards as an idealist at the best and, at the worst, as a crackpot—in either case a thoroughly dangerous fellow, not to be trusted with the affairs of men and of nations. In reality, of course, the man who appreciates the force of ideas is a much more realistic leader than the popular politician or blustering business man who mouths cheap, digestible slogans and flatters the prejudices of the multitude. This observation is especially relevant in an age like our own when the world is agonizing precisely on account of bad ideas, of heresy and intellectual anarchy. Any statesman whose utterances lead people to delve beneath the surface is making an invaluable contribution to the future peace of the world. This Mr. Wallace does, and when he traces Nazism and Marxism back to Hegel, and stigmatizes Nietzsche and the men who erected on Darwin's survival of the fittest "a seemingly scientific but false materialism," he is getting down to the roots of the catastrophe which has overwhelmed us and making possible a radical cure. The Jap who planned the bombing of Pearl Harbor was a practical man, but so is Mr. Wallace, and in a much profounder way, when he affirms that "Christianity is not star-gazing" and exhorts us to show in our lives the Christian beliefs we profess.

Yes, There'll Be Cheap Butadiene? Are we really progressing in the rubber emergency? Vital considerations are: advance in synthetic rubber—guayule rubber in the Southwestern part of the United States, prospects of natural rubber from South America, Central America and Africa. The problem of synthetic rubber is the biggest job ever tackled by chemistry, and has used up, say the scientists, more manpower than any other manu-

factured article. It has added two words to our vocabulary: *butadiene* (four syllables), raw material from which synthetic rubber is made; and *polymerization*, the chemical process for compounding this rubber-like material. The present Governmental program calls for the procurement of 60,000 tons of crude rubber and approximately 910,000 tons of synthetic rubber by 1944 (Baruch report). Technical developments are proceeding rapidly. From present indications, and supposing no interference, by September of this year there will be about 76,000 tons available for civilian use. In the past few months the price of butadiene dropped from fifty cents per pound to eighteen cents a pound. By the end of next year, if all goes well, it may be manufactured at five cents per pound. Some hope we may see the old car roll again, but others are much less optimistic.

France Reborn. Out of defeat and servitude a new France is rising. Speaking with the brevity of warlike determination, General Henri Giraud on March 7 cast his challenge into the Laval-Hitler camp and notified the world that henceforth Frenchmen will rule themselves. "A decree signed in Vichy is not valid in North Africa." With that one swift stroke the fiction of Vichy passed. As the French Civil and Military Commander-in-Chief put it: "The German occupation has interrupted the free exercise of national sovereignty. We must draw the logical consequences. All that is necessary will be done." Pointing to Algiers as "the capital of free France," he summoned "all those who want to work so that our motherland may rise again." In the spirit of Roland of Roncesvalles, he has raised the signal of national resurrection. The one free parcel of heroic France now takes on full responsibility for the rebuilding of a sovereign government and a sovereign society.

Negroes in Labor Unions. The cause of labor is not necessarily prejudiced when attention is called to undemocratic practices of certain unions. When such notice, however, comes from one who has established a reputation as a lifelong champion of labor, it falls with greater weight, as well as with greater grace than might otherwise be the case. Speaking, March 2, at Howard University, Government-supported educational institution for the colored in Washington, D. C., Msgr. John A. Ryan, Director of the Department of Social Action at the National Catholic Welfare Conference, deplored that "there are many occupations from which the Negro is excluded by the color of his skin. Sometimes the offender is the employer; sometimes it is the employes. Sometimes the motive is racial; sometimes it is mainly economic." Msgr. Ryan further observed:

Sometimes the Negro is excluded from certain occupations by the rules and practices of labor unions. This is even more reprehensible than exclusion by employers; for the wage earners have themselves been the victims of oppression by stronger economic classes. Unfortunately, labor is not a unique offender in this way. . . . On January 1, 1943, there were twenty-one labor unions in this country which excluded Negroes from their membership, and seven

others which gave them only limited and ineffectual membership. They constitute a blot on the history of American labor unionism.

These are strong words, but they concern the fundamentals of human rights and human dignity. Indications are plenty that they will not have been uttered in vain.

Out for Blood. The Good Samaritan, you remember, poured wine into the wounds of the man who had fallen among robbers. How his eyes would have popped had someone told him that it was quite possible to pour in his own blood, painlessly, for strength and health for the poor battered man. Science has brought us that boon—that we can be Good Samaritans to the wounded on the battlefronts of the world. We can do it by giving our blood to the blood banks. Sweat we are already giving, in working for victory, some in defense plants, others in their regular jobs, now geared to war. Tears may be the lot of not a few, before the conflict ends. But blood we can all give, with the certainty that it will save lives and make the tears less universal. Those who know that their true lives have been won for them by Blood ought to be the first to give their blood for lives.

One of Norway's Converts. Wonderful changes in Norway in the attitude of the people to the Catholic Church have been wrought by the work of Catholic schools and hospitals, staffed in great part by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Chambéry. A witness to this change was the late Mrs. Marie Elizabeth Brataas, remarkable Norwegian convert, for thirty years a member of St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League. Her story is told in the 1943 issue of *St. Ansgar's Bulletin*, the League's illustrated annual. Marie Brataas' conversion to the Faith meant great courage, back in 1894, when stones were thrown at the Sisters and the Catholic children. It was her Lutheran husband who first inspired an idea of Catholicism in the mind of Marie Brataas, born of Peter Overn and Maren Flannum, both strict Lutheran Norwegians. One Sunday, coming home from the Lutheran Church, she asked him what the minister meant when he preached about the one Fold and one Shepherd. She told him she always thought the Lutheran religion was the only one Fold but, to her amazement, she heard him say. "No! not the Lutheran but the Catholic is the One Fold and One True Religion." Her sister Petrea, in the meantime, had become a Catholic and a Carmelite nun. When she asked her Pastor, Krogh Tønning, for permission to have her name taken off the church registers as she was becoming a Catholic, he answered: "You are taking the right path." Later he followed her into the Catholic Church.

Training for Postwar Work. Catholic men and women, both civilians and members of the Armed Forces, are being urged to take advantage of the special training courses to meet the problems which will arise in the presently occupied countries after the defeat of the Axis Powers. The Army has set up special courses in various Army Colleges for

officers, in the laws, culture, customs and habits of these various lands. So-called "Foreign Area" studies have been instituted by the Government at Columbia, Yale, University of Virginia and elsewhere. Columbia University has many Naval men for training in its various departments. Pioneer in this field has been the Foreign Service School of Georgetown University.

Spiritual Arsenal. High on one of Dubuque's "holy hills," overlooking the beautifully peaceful Father of Waters, stands an arsenal. The arsenal is a spiritual arsenal—the office of the Nurses' Apostolate in St. Joseph Mercy Hospital; and from here goes ammunition to the battlefields of the world. The Nurses' Apostolate is an organization of Catholic graduate nurses, founded November 21, 1935, by the late Reverend John R. Bowen, then Chaplain of St. Joseph Mercy Hospital, Dubuque, Iowa, for the purpose of bringing spiritual consolation to the sick and the dying, and to help non-Catholics to die with a thought of God and His Divine Mercy. "Don't let a patient die without a thought of God and His Mercy," was the short motto Father Bowen gave to the nurses. As a tangible aid to assist the nurses in this very humane work, the Chaplain gave them a prayer, known as the prayer of the Nurses' Apostolate. The prayer is printed on an artistic card in the liturgical colors of red and blue and decorated in gold. The prayer of the Nurses' Apostolate has the *Imprimatur* of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francis J. L. Beckman, Archbishop of Dubuque. Catholic parents, wives, parish and fraternal organizations are invited to assist the Apostolate in the distribution of this spiritual ammunition to their boys, the Catholic Chaplains, and to the USO clubs. Address: 1050 Melrose Terrace, Dubuque, Iowa.

What Makes Hatters Mad? The current *Atlantic Monthly* gives the solution to this ancient problem. Hatter's Madness, it appears, is an occupational disease, a psychosis following upon an ailment which arises from the mercurial solutions used in hat-making. The subject is obviously too important to stop with hatters. What of Chairman's Achro-nosis, or insensibility to lapse of time during introductory speeches? Penologists seek for the antidote to *Aposiopesis Rei*, or aversion to talking when questioned by the police, a disease often incident upon sudden and unearned increment of wealth. Wealthy and unoccupied dowagers are susceptible to Cynopaedicism, sufferers from which treat dogs like children. Global Strabismus is the chief occupational risk of journalists, radio speakers and politicians. The laevo-rotatory form makes the patient see everything Left, while the dextro-rotatory gives only a Right view; the result either way being a cockeyed *Weltanschauung*. Closely associated with this is a species of Daltonism in which the victim is color-blind to all shades except black and white. The most recent discovery, dating from certain Army and Navy pronouncements about colleges, is Educator's Chiasmus, or inability to uncross the fingers.

UNDERSCORINGS

FREE MEN, the world over, are saddened at the news that Cardinal Hinsley is gravely ill. Severely stricken with a heart attack, he has received the Last Sacraments, and the special blessing of Pius XII through the Apostolic Delegate to England, Bishop Godfrey. From the King and Queen came a message of sympathy and the hope for a quick return to health. Prime Minister and Mrs. Churchill, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor of London, the Duke of Norfolk and General De Gaulle also sent expressions of great concern.

► The official Netherlands News Agency, *Aneta* announced that the Hierarchy of Holland has issued a strong pastoral letter, read in the churches on February 21, denouncing the German occupation authorities. "God's commandment stands above worldly might," said the Pastoral and it denounced mistreatment of Christians and Jews, the brutality of concentration camps, drafting of Dutch youth for forced labor and the shooting of hostages.

► Religious, and the clergy in general, will find a treasure in *The Exemption of Religious in Church Law*, by Joseph D. O'Brien, S.J. This authoritative volume covers the entire law on religious life.

► The Most Reverend Georges Léon Pelletier was consecrated second Auxiliary of Quebec recently by Cardinal Villeneuve, with twenty-seven members of the Canadian Hierarchy and a huge throng of priests in attendance. Thirty-eight years old, Bishop Pelletier has been a professor of Dogmatic Theology and Scripture for the past four years.

► *St. Ansgar's Bulletin* is in its forty-first year. Individual copies may be obtained free of charge by applying to any of the League's officers or to the Secretary, 2 West 45th Street, New York City. This year's issue is devoted to the topic of Greenland, where American Coast Guard men patrol the waters. Sigrid Undset tells the strange story of the Viking Thorgils, ancestor of a Saint; the Rev. Lambert Erkens, S.M.A. relates Greenland's Catholic history, and a Greenland resident tells of his people.

► Two widely disparate reminders of Saint Martin of Tours occurred in the recent news. At a Brooklyn fire, in zero weather, six Sisters of Mercy gave up their shawls to protect the injured. In far-off China, a Maryknoll missionary, under Japanese fire, crawled to a wounded leper, a catechumen. He baptized the leper who died in his arms.

► Gracious and appropriate was the action of the Labor Academy at Holy Cross College, in changing its name to "Blakely Labor Academy" to honor the recently deceased Associate Editor of *AMERICA*. For years Father Blakely was a courageous crusader in the field of labor.

► Bishop Winkelmann of Wichita has formally approved a Diocesan Matrimonial Clinic in that city. The Clinic's purpose is to give counsel and advice "to couples anticipating marriage" and also to assist in solving the difficulties of people already married and facing marital disaster.

► With a \$25,000,000 goal and March 29 as starting date, the Knights of Columbus will begin a war-bond drive.

THE NATION AT WAR

WHEN the Germans withdrew from Caucasia, they kept Novorossiisk, a town on the Black Sea. This is a naval port, and the last one the Russians had had. The Russian Black Sea fleet has a port at Batum, but this is not a naval port, and lacks facilities for servicing naval vessels. Novorossiisk also gives the Axis control of the entrance to the Sea of Azov. Of course Russia would like to get Novorossiisk back, but a brave effort to retake it failed. West from Rostov, the Russians have been attacking regularly. They have made only minor gains, being up against the new Axis defensive line, same as that held a year ago. Farther north, the Germans, having completed their withdrawal, have passed to the offensive, have recaptured some large towns, and are back again on the Donets River, on a front of about 150 miles. Russian troops, who had been surrounded in this area, escaped in part across the Donets; others were captured or killed, while others are still surrounded. West from Kursk, the Russians have won a big battle, and are now fifty miles to the west and still moving on, but not as fast as before. Farther north the Germans, who had so far held fast all winter, have abandoned Rzhev and Gzhatsk, and are withdrawing to a new line, which will probably be in front of Smolensk.

This new line will be shorter, and will require fewer troops to defend. Troops thus saved will be available for the next campaign, which is not expected until after the spring thaws are over.

In withdrawals the rule is to withdraw to a line whence an offensive can once more be undertaken. When there is no possibility of ever undertaking an offensive again, there is no sense in going ahead with the war. This was the situation in November, 1918, when the Germans promptly quit, and signed an armistice. The fact that they have not done so this time is good indication that they do expect to come back. New troops and new equipment are supposed to be assembled behind the new line, ready by the time the withdrawing troops reach there. Since the Axis plan for their present movement appears to have been adopted towards the end of December, there has already been time to accomplish a good deal in this direction. The Axis local success on the Donets indicates that the forces on this part of their line are prepared to turn and do some attacking themselves.

In Tunisia, the Axis has made a small advance near the north end of the line, having occupied Sedjenane. Allied troops farther south occupied Pichon, but gave it up to avoid the losses caused by the enemy's artillery fire. There has been considerable local fighting but, on the whole, without important gains for either side.

From Australia, General MacArthur reports the destruction by bombing of an entire Japanese convoy of twenty-four vessels, from which, he states, there is no known survivor, out of an estimated 15,000 troops and 10,000 sailors on board, supposedly *en route* to New Guinea. The Japanese radio has admitted the loss of only three ships.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

IT IS getting monotonous to have to report that official Washington's morale is low, much lower, in fact, than that of the rest of the country. Yet such is the fact. Merely complaining about it, however, is a sterile thing. It would be much more fruitful to try to find out why morale is low. It seems to me, indeed, that historians will record these first few months of 1943 as a period of doubt and hesitation, inducing a kind of mental paralysis.

It might help to list a few of the areas where this doubt and hesitation are rampant.

Labor. Is organized labor standing in the way of the war effort by exorbitant demands? Is there really a movement by organized business to crush labor now or after the war? Is labor really suffering from low wages plus broken price ceilings? Should Congress pass an over-all labor-control bill? Nobody knows.

Farmers. Are the farmers trying to profiteer on food at the expense of the country? Is there really a danger of food shortage because the farmers are short of labor? Should the price of food at the farm include a wage for farm labor comparable to the competitive wage of the industrial worker? Will we be forced to conscript both farm and industrial labor? Nobody knows.

Army and Navy. Is the Army really hoarding food and fuel beyond all possible requirements? Are the armed forces unreasonably demanding control of production at the expense of civilian needs and thus cutting their own throats? Should the armed forces be restricted or enlarged in their present powers? Nobody knows.

Manpower. Has this problem been bungled by Mr. McNutt or is it working out all right? Is it an administrative job or does it require more legislation? Will an enormous plan involving all citizens turn out to be the only solution? Nobody knows.

Inflation. Is the current rise in prices (much larger than the official figures show) due to administrative bungling, or to Lend-Lease demands, or the black market, or what? Is a controlled rise a beneficent way of draining off surplus purchasing power and thus heading off real inflation? Is more rationing needed soon? Nobody knows.

Foreign Policy. Have we bungled our relations with Russia or is Russia "playing us for a sucker"? Are both the North African military and political situations really in hand or just drifting? Is the Communist party line—to drive Spain into war with the United Nations—likely to succeed? Have we really any world strategic military and political plan for both war and peace? Nobody knows.

Congress. Is Congress "out of hand"? That is, is it trying to make us wage a leisurely war, as Washington writers are charging? Is it the prey of rapacious lobbies? Is it now usurping Presidential powers as it once abdicated its own? Nobody knows.

These, and many other unanswered questions, are responsible for Washington's present low morale. But one good way to get clear answers is to ask clear questions, even though they hurt.

WILFRID PARSONS

SWORD OF SPIRIT DRAWN FOR CHRISTIAN ORDER

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

NO plan for social security can of itself guarantee freedom from want. In his comprehensive scheme for assuring steady income to all classes in post-war Britain, Sir William Beveridge is careful to note that his whole plan supposes "maintenance of employment, that is to say, avoidance of mass unemployment"; and his budget for social insurance assumes an average unemployment of only eight and one-half per cent. If unemployment rises above this figure, the Beveridge Plan will not be able to guarantee freedom from want to the British people.

Now this is an admission that social insurance is only half the answer to the problem of material security. The other half—and the more important half—is the production and distribution of wealth. We have been so mesmerized by high finance that we tend to confuse money with wealth, and feel that we are secure or well off as long as we have cash on hand and a steady source of income. Most of us, at least until recent times, have never had the experience of being unable to exchange money for goods and services, which alone are real wealth.

If, therefore, a nation ambitions freedom from want, it must first of all, and above all, produce an abundance of goods and services. If this is not done, all the relief checks and insurance payments which a modern Government, with its enormous power to create money, can disburse are powerless to assure freedom from want. The needy and unemployed may have sufficient money to pay for necessary goods and services, but there will not be enough of these to go around. What good is a claim on wealth (money) if the wealth does not exist?

This is the problem many intelligent Britons are thinking about. They are thinking about it much more than they are thinking about the Beveridge Plan, because they realize that, unless Britain can greatly augment her pre-war production of goods and services, the Beveridge Plan will not ensure freedom from want.

Already there is widespread conviction that the old economic system must go. It did not produce enough, or distribute equitably what it did produce. The Labor Party, as well as some Catholics and liberals, have been saying this all along. Now even the "Tories" admit "that there was something radically wrong" with an economic system in which "men in want of the necessities of life should be denied the money with which to buy them because there was a superabundance of those necessities and therefore their services were not required to make more." Indeed, some of the reports of con-

servative British organizations like the London Chamber of Commerce and the Federation of British Industries are so radical that they would scare the daylight out of many an American businessman.

As yet, however, there is no general agreement on what kind of economic system ought to be substituted for the old order. The Labor Party inclines toward Socialism, but if it had the power to remake British industrialism, which it does not at the present time have, it is extremely doubtful whether it would try to impose, or would even want to do so, a thoroughgoing, orthodox system of Marxism. Britons are too individualistic to suffer such regimentation, and anyhow the Socialism of the Labor Party is pretty pale stuff.

According to Frank C. Hanighen, writing in *Harpers* for December, 1942, the Association of Chambers of Commerce is feeling its way toward what looks like a compromise between Socialism and the old anarchic individualism. These business leaders are talking about a "Council of Industry" which would be responsible for the well-being of Britain's economic life as Parliament is for the healthy ordering of political life. In this proposed set-up, the principle of democracy would be preserved by giving labor an equal share in policy-making with industry and commerce.

But the most detailed, and at the same time the most constructive and imaginative, plan for post-war Britain has come from that astonishing Catholic movement called the Sword of the Spirit. This plan, which is modestly presented as a basis for discussion of industrial democracy rather than the final word on it, is contained in Sword Paper No. 12. For purposes of analysis, it can be divided into five sections: 1) the preamble stating the social philosophy of the planners; 2) a scheme for setting up organs of industrial government; 3) a description of the functions of these organs; 4) a definition of the proper relations between different economic groups; and 5) the connection between the peace settlement and industrial reorganization.

1. The preamble, as might be expected in a document emanating from Christian sources, clarifies the nature of the industrial order.

The reconstruction of industry [the authors say] requires its ordered government in accordance with Christian principles. The government of industry in the future needs to be related to the fundamental object of human life.

That is a simple, forthright and very revolution-

ary statement. It is a revolutionary statement, even in this revolutionary day and age when the pillars of modern civilization are crumbling on all sides. It implies a definite break with nineteenth-century Capitalism which "has permeated our life with false values and material standards, forgetting that man does not live by bread alone." It implies an even more definite break with Socialism and Communism, systems which grew out of the irreligious, bourgeois mentality of the last century (brilliantly and ironically delineated by Franz Werfel in his masterpiece, *The Song of Bernadette*) and which pretended to remove the evils of Capitalism by widening devotion to the Golden Calf.

Man's real wealth consists, the Report states uncompromisingly, "in the service of God and the attainment of his own happiness," and by this realistic criterion all economic activity must be judged. Not the nation with the biggest bank balance is necessarily the most prosperous, but the one in which people

... are able to live healthy, contented lives, centered in the family as the vital unit of society, and enjoying the fullest freedom to exercise their individual talents and [enjoy] the necessary leisure and recreation.

This kind of life—a life befitting the children of God—the old order failed to produce. Nineteenth-century industrialism succeeded, indeed, in vastly increasing material prosperity, in giving a higher standard of life to the many as well as to the few. But the cost in human suffering, frustration and unhappiness was far too high. In many great industrial centers, capitalism produced "conditions of life to which no human being ought to have been subjected"; it "resulted in the neglect of our soil and the impoverishment of our agriculture"; and, worst of all, it debased human personality by substituting materialism and individual gain for spiritual values and service of our neighbor. From this tunnel "filled with foul gases of greed, suspicion and fratricidal strife," we must escape and build a new industrial order more adapted to man's needs and dignity.

2. In order to achieve a better world through the practice of industrial democracy, it is necessary to establish in every industry "a Council representing management (including ownership), technicians and workers." Practically, this means that all those engaged in an industry will be represented "on an equal footing in the governing body of that industry" through their employers' association or their trade union.

In order to coordinate the activities of the separate Councils, a *General Council of Industry* will be formed, and this General Council will have representation in the national legislature. There it will have a prominent part in making all the laws which affect industry, taking as its norm the principles of social justice and the necessity of eliminating unemployment. The Report proposes that to ensure permanent representation for industry in the legislative body the House of Lords be reorganized to include the *General Council*.

Finally, on the local level, *Committees* are to be established in each factory or business, composed

of managers, technicians and workers, "to advise upon matters of mutual interest."

It is interesting to note that the authors of the Report in describing the local "Committees" do not speak of representation of all groups "on an equal footing." It is their belief apparently that only "on the plane of national organization" can equality of representation between employers and employed be most productive of results. Problems there, they explain, can be dealt with "on broader and less personal lines than is possible in an individual factory or business." Therefore, on the local level the Committees can "advise," but the final decision seemingly rests with the employer.

3. How are the Councils of Industry to function in order "to serve the Community by increasing the prosperity of all?"

In the first place, they will have power to adopt policies aimed at keeping production in relation to consumption. The authors of the Report recognize that both unregulated production and restricted production for profits lead to chronic maladjustments and unemployment. Without considering the problem in detail, they frankly admit the necessity of planning production to ensure full employment and the greatest possible volume of goods.

Secondly, the Councils will undertake to assure the welfare of workers, since "the first charge on industry as a whole is a just living wage." This wage will be determined partly by an agreed standard of work and partly by human needs. It must be sufficient to provide for "an agreed minimum average family," since the "wife should not have to work to supplement the wages . . ." Furthermore, the Councils will set up a system of recruitment and vocational training to arrange for orderly entry of workers into the industry, and a system of pensions to guarantee steady income.

The third function of the Council is the regulation of prices and quality of goods. Realizing that this proposal will provoke a storm of criticism, the authors are careful to append a note denying that the regulation of prices and quality is a totalitarian technique. "It is consistent," they aver, "with democratic freedom to require from those engaged in an industry a minimum standard of craftsmanship and the production and sale of a sound article at a fair price."

That is well said, but in reality the proposal needs no apology or justification in the name of democracy. The idea that economic freedom requires the determination of price and quality by the free interplay of competition and the automatic working of the law of supply and demand has for many years now been widely denied in practice. In the United States, where Capitalism has been less trammled than anywhere else, competition and the law of supply and demand have been effectively nullified over major areas of economic life by a system of "administered prices." What the authors of the Report advocate is not something new in the capitalistic world, but simply a shift in the power to administer prices from private individuals to responsible agencies.

(To be continued)

EUROPEAN KALEIDOSCOPE

FRANCIS STUART CAMPBELL

THE technical achievements of the American radio and press are beyond praise. Americans, as no other people, have access to the events of the world. It is disappointing—and dangerous—therefore, that the picture drawn for Americans of the European scene gives little hint of the great complexity and variety of political trends in that continent.

This tendency to endless variation in the political field was—as were all other manifestations of independent personality—checked by the collectivistic tendencies of our age. Mass propaganda, the improvement of communication, and the human leaning toward gregariousness limited, in most Continental countries, the number of political groups to about a dozen. Yet, under the strain of the almost apocalyptic happenings of the last years, the unity of these relatively small groups suffered a great deal. In countries where political life was forced to go underground, the process of atomization has assumed such proportions that we have to expect—once the iron lid is lifted—to be confronted by a whole legion of local parties.

But even discounting the new divisions—of which we yet know precious little—we have to bear in mind: a) that anti-Nazi groups are by no means all pro-democratic or pro-Communist; b) that there are in left-democratic, Socialist and even anarchist circles, strong anti-Communist sentiments alive; and c) that there are certain Leftist circles characterized by pro-Nazism.

Democracy, in the modern sense, undoubtedly had its merits in Europe. It guaranteed, in large areas, human dignity and freedom; but it is worth while to remember that it achieved its greatest inner stability in the monarchies of Northwestern Europe, and not in France or in the republics established in the post-war period.

The mischief of misinformation reached its zenith mainly in the case of France, England and Germany. It is safe to say that the average American is now convinced—or was until very recently—that all French Conservatives are collaborationists, while all decent patriots dream of a Fourth Republic based upon a return to the ideals of 1789—or of 1793.

It is quite true that Charles Maurras, the editor of the Royalist *Action Française*, is, in spite of his chauvinistic past, an enthusiastic collaborationist; but the Pretender to the French throne has disavowed that paper (which was for years on the Index), together with its ace writer. One of the most outstanding French conservative journalists, Henri de Kérillis, a warm defender of Franco (and an equally staunch enemy of Hitler) edits today in New York the de Gaullist *Pour la Victoire*. Laval,

no less than Marcel Déat, is an ex-Socialist. Doriot was a local Communist leader.

One of the most popular papers of the French Left, *L'Oeuvre*, became (under some of its former editors) an instrument of collaborationism. *Figaro*, the leading conservative paper, under Wladimir d'Ormesson, resisted heroically the German *Gleichschaltung*. The Fascist Rexists of Belgium naturally cooperated with the Germans, but so did the outstanding Belgian Socialist, Hendrik de Man. The would-be assassin of Laval, young Collette, was a member of the *Croix de Feu*, a so-called Fascist organization. The ultra-conservative Paul Claudel opposed the Nazis, while the French Communists, prior to June 22, 1941, were all out for collaboration. The most brilliant attack against French collaboration did not come from an admirer of the Third Republic, or a confirmed Free Mason or a sentimental Jacobin; it came from the most bitter enemy of Maurras, the Royalist (and Catholic) Georges Bernanos, who loathes Pétain and despises democracy (Cf. his *Lettre aux Anglais*, Rio de Janeiro, 1942).

Not only did French collaborationism receive its most bitter condemnation from the pen of a French Rightist, but there is no book which contains a more powerful condemnation of Nazism than Ernst Jünger's *Auf den Marmor-Klippen* (Hamburg, 1939). The author of this demoniacal novel, whose meaning for some time escaped the Nazi censor, is reported to have been killed on the Russian front. Jünger, like his exiled brother, Friedrich Georg, was an extreme Rightist who earned the *Pour le Mérite* in the last world war.

The English scene is no less bewildering. Appeasement was by no means (as some of our pundits constantly misinform their credulous readers) a disease of aristocratic moneybags. "Appeasement" was equally rampant among pseudo-conservative press lords and labor leaders. The British Labor Party has always had strongly pacifist tendencies, and not only the "bright young men" from Oxford with pink ideologies (who voted in 1927 not to fight for "King and Country") but also such patriarchal figures as the late George Lansbury, represented labor pacifism. The first (Socialist) MacDonald Government refused to fortify Singapore, and Labor always bitterly opposed an increased military budget, because the beneficiaries of such money were considered to be "potentially Fascist." Labor and the conservative industrialists may be excused for their blindness only if we bear in mind that even a close neighbor of Hitler, M. Benés, was convinced, as late as March, 1938, that German Nazism constituted no peril whatsoever for neighboring countries (Cf. Louis Lochner, *What About Germany?* New York, 1942).

The fact remains that the beer-brewers, press lords, bankers and insurance companies of Britain dreaded war no more and no less than the miners, lathe-workers and the pink professors. The people who were ready to fight for liberty and lasting human values were the Conservative die-hards of a predominantly agrarian background—men like Winston Churchill, Lord Cranborne or Alfred Duff-

Cooper. Even Sir Austen Chamberlain was a great deal more intransigent than his brother Neville, who had to cope with the fateful Baldwin inheritance. The most violently anti-Nazi daily of England was not the industrial-conservative *Times* or the Socialist *Daily Herald* but the die-hard *Morning Post*. The most appeasing paper in Britain, in late 1939, was—needless to say—the Communist *Daily Worker*, which was finally suppressed.

The confusion regarding German internal affairs is at least as deep. Nazism has constantly been represented as a movement of the Right, as a conspiracy of Cardinals, Princes, industrialists, ignorant peasants and Generals; and not as a lower-middle-class mass-movement. The statistics of the "free" elections show, without a shred of doubt, that it was the democratic-liberal parties which dissolved to give way to Nazism, and that the Nazi Party was not able to break the ranks of the Socialists or "Clericals." The German Democratic Party sent only five deputies to the Reichstag, the Stresemann Party two.

Today every intelligent correspondent, from Howard K. Smith to Lochner and Oechsner, will admit that the strongest opposition to Nazism comes from the "Right," from the Church, the peasantry, the Junkers, the aristocracy and the (deposed) royalty. Cardinals and Bishops like Michael von Faulhaber, Count von Galen, Count von Preysing; or former U-Boat Commanders like Pastor Niemöller, are by no means Democrats in the ideological sense. It is a sign of the times that the senior Germanic dynasty, the Habsburgs, serve with their junior members in the ranks of the American army.

The real picture of a largely agrarian but highly non-Leftist world remains hidden from the American public, because the rank-and-file *émigré* who comes to these hospitable shores is frequently a representative of a small, unimportant "democratic" fragment of the European Continent. The fact that Herr Thomas Mann had a wide reading public in Germany does not imply that the German masses shared his political views. Neither can we expect in Europe to see the rise of dynamic democratic movements on any larger scale. Not even the guillotine or new *noyades* would revive interest in a passing political phase dating back 150 years.

This does not mean—and it cannot be emphasized often enough—that there are no anti-Fascist or anti-Nazi forces alive in Europe. There are plenty of them, but they are not "democratic." They are utterly divided; they do not speak the political language of America or of the Americanophile refugees. A worse example of *bombinatio in vacuo* than that of certain American broadcasts to Europe can hardly be imagined. Tragic mistakes have been made in that respect, such as the assumption that the European is really an American (or, rather, an American Leftist) speaking a foreign language but dreaming of the Gettysburg Address, the latest editorial of Miss Freda Kirchwey and the *Century* of the Common Man, based on a "People's Peace." Many Europeans, faced by the pitiless rule of former paper-hangers and stone-masons, are, to

say the least, highly skeptical of the Common Man vested with power.

While Europe and America share basic ethic and moral principles, the political forms of this country should never be forced on a fundamentally different world. Such collaborators as the United States would find among the European population for such a dubious enterprise would never represent the real Europe; and the result of a new Wilsonian adventure on these lines (costing the lives of thousands, if not millions) would be new revolutions, new mob-masters, new and never-ending wars. A Weimarian interlude would then precede a full débâcle.

The fact that Europeans have not developed the art of compromise—the "50-50" of the older and more stable democracies—has been demonstrated in the de Gaulle-Giraud negotiations, which, after all, took place between a nobleman with a Royalist background and a convinced Rightist, both anti-Nazis, both anti-collaborationists.

In addition to European intransigence, European remoteness from American—as well as English—political ideas, and European skepticism, there is also another obstacle to the anti-Nazi front. In the speeches delivered on the tenth anniversary of the Nazi régime by Goebbels and Göring, the European's fear of Bolshevism was very cleverly exploited. We will not discuss the question as to whether this fear is justified or not. The fact remains that the fear is very strong, and has to be reckoned with as a powerful psychological factor.

The generous intentions of American swivel-chair peace-planners, who are ready to reward the Soviet Union (for her self-defense after the breakdown of the Moscow-Berlin Axis) with Baltic, Polish and Central European territories, would find no echo in the hearts of the majority of Europeans.

It is up to the countries who are defending the Christian cultural heritage—up to America, Britain and their ideological allies—to get *demonstrable* guarantees from their military confederate—who, not so long ago, was begging for relief—that he will not reclaim the temporary territorial gains made, with Nazi connivance, in Europe's darkest hour. There is real danger that millions, who face domination from two foreign powers, will be driven into collaboration with one of the powers for which they would have little enthusiasm under ordinary circumstances.

There remains the problem of "language." The Communists have begun to reach their own supporters in the various countries, and are making a desperate bid for the sympathies of the Socialists as well. America and Britain, on the other hand, have not yet found the way to the Continental mind. While the whole Christian world is united by a language of basic moral and ethical *principles*, the *political* expressions of the various countries are not necessarily the same. To force, or even to promote, a *political* uniformity would be a dangerous narrowing-down of a wide and deep issue, with the subsequent loss of millions of potential supporters, resulting in needless sacrifices on the battlefields.

A PILGRIMAGE TO WASHINGTON'S MEMORIES

FRANKLIN DUNHAM

SURELY there must be some way in a post-war world to reconcile the paradox of a great religious crusade with the results of a war. I heard Archibald MacLeish say the other day that we Americans can, at this time, turn to our country's history, the strivings of our forefathers to bring about the security which they established—we can go to those pages today and find strength to face our world as they faced theirs.

So I made a pilgrimage in Washington in a straight line from the Jefferson Memorial to the Washington Monument and from there to the Lincoln Memorial and above them to Arlington, where sleep the nation's honored dead. To be certain of what Jefferson said, I went to the Library of Congress and found Jefferson's original draft of the Declaration of Independence. It looked like a Longfellow manuscript, so many changes there were. I thought you might be interested in those changes. In his bold hand, he had written—"We hold these truths to be undeniable that all men are created equal and independent; that from equal creation they draw their inherent inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted by men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Notice Jefferson used the stronger words in the final draft—"self-evident," "endowed by the Creator" (and he struck out the word "independent" for he must have realized how greatly dependent we are upon each other).

Then I traveled up to the oldest monument of the Capital, the obelisk that pierces the sky, tallest in all the world for many years—the Washington Monument. As I stood there gazing upward like a regular sight-seer, a tall figure of a man seemed to be speaking from the pedestal—"I am constrained to believe that there can be no practice of morality without the practice of religion." It was the voice of a well-seasoned man, veteran of the wars, wise in his appointed hour—Father of his Country!

Then I looked forward across the reflection pool, now terraced with temporary bridges connecting the temporary War Buildings, and I hurried up the steps of the beautiful Memorial, the great roof held by forty-eight Greek pillars, each representing one of our forty-eight states, standing four-square as Lincoln stood, on principle. Here was the figure of Lincoln, magnanimous and kind, a light-

beam illuminating his countenance, calmly waiting as I read on the North Wall:

"Neither party expected for the War the magnitude or direction which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare ask God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of others' faces but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

"The Almighty has his own purpose. 'Woe to the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we should suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the Providence of God must needs come but, which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and He gives to both North and South this terrible War, as the war due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any attribute which the Believers in a Living God ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsmen through two hundred-fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn from the sword, as was said three thousand years ago and so must still be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

And as I stood there, I heard, in a soft whisper, a response which seemed to come from the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier high up in the hills of Arlington. It was only one word. "Amen!"

No, this is not such a different war from other wars; it has in it the same selfish purposes, the desire on the part of some to possess what belongs to others (or at least, what others believe belongs to them). Increasingly, people believe it is not a new war at all; it is just a continuation of the old one. Germany never really surrendered. She began to arm herself secretly the moment she could find a means of doing so. Japan never meant to keep the peace with us! She had been waiting for an

opportunity to strike at us ever since we acquired trading rights in China, which she held were detrimental to her interests. Which all might be true, but who is to decide the validity of such claims? A World Court or a League (with teeth in it) established to keep the peace and enforce sanctions? Even Woodrow Wilson, peace-maker that he was, said, when faced with the choice, "Honor is more dear to us than peace."

How then will we achieve honor in the post-war world? May I make a distinction here between new lands and the new world? Lands are something you acquire and settle; a world is something you achieve! We thirst for justice in this world of ours, but how do we attain it?

One way possibly might be found in studying the principles of human actions. Sir Norman Angell tries to pour them out in his newest book, *Let the People Know*. Angell tells us we have forgotten the elementary social truth that the right of each to life must be defended *collectively* by the community or it will not be defended at all. Angell gives an illustration. He says, "Suppose when a person is murdered, the community as a whole said, 'Well, after all, it is no affair of ours. It is not our quarrel; let the parties concerned settle it. Why should we expand our taxes on police and courts interfering in the quarrels of others?' If we said that, there could be no peace, no order, no right, no law, no justice, no civilization!"

He also says that there are two illusions about human relations we must destroy: 1) that nations having competitive material interests cannot continue to keep the peace; 2) that there is greater danger in committing yourself to fight a common aggressor than in not doing so. Mr. Angell believes in peace, but peace with a big stick! For he frankly believes if we had had a pact with Great Britain, Japan and Germany would never have started any trouble with the allied United Nations. He doesn't even mention Italy—she never seemed to be able to make her own decisions.

Well, these are interesting academic conclusions, occurring after the horse is stolen. They are not harmful except for this fact—that they do not recognize the overwhelming supremacy of the moral law. Peace, to Angell, seems to be like land,—something you acquire or settle, not something you achieve. I wonder how he would punish the guilty in this war?

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are more practical men. They well know how to deal with gangsters and murderers. They met on a warship in the Atlantic and signed a charter, conceived out of their joint experiences a plan for a long, durable peace. They envisage a post-war world where the basic rights of mankind must be protected, majority shall rule but minorities be given full play to combine to overcome majorities, a world in which the "bad boys" of the world will be kept out of mischief and not allowed to play with guns anymore. I think I hear you saying; "Why that's just what we said last time." There's a difference this time—we mean it!

The Holy Father Pius XII has spoken again, as

have his predecessors of blessed memory, in other wars. He points out five great moral principles, precedent to a just peace:

1. The right of all nations, great or small, powerful or weak, to their independence.
2. Universal disarmament as soon as it can be achieved.
3. International juridic institutions to keep the peace.
4. Discovery of the real needs and just demands of a nation.
5. Application of the moral code of the Natural Law, and the recognition of right and wrong.

The remarkable similarity between the Pope's Peace Plan and the Atlantic Charter commends itself to us as something far more than coincidence. In the last War, Benedict XV's plans showed a striking resemblance to Wilson's Fourteen Points. This certainly does not imply collaboration. What it does show is the willingness of this great nation of ours, in concert with other peace-loving nations, to recognize the supremacy of the moral law above all else in any world.

For the post-war world is not to be a fair, bright new world of the imagination; it is going to be the same old world, battered and broken, with great wounds in its side, its arms swathed in bandages and its head—well, its head will be bloody but unbowed!

Ideas of unrestrained free enterprise which to some mean the old doctrine of *laissez faire*, will have little place in the post-war world. "*Laissez faire*" has meant, in effect, "let things slide," and we have let them slide too long.

I see the same old world we came back to after other wars. I see parades up Fifth Avenue in New York and down Pennsylvania Avenue swinging past the White House. I see noble men, coming back from the wars, marching past reviewing stands, with banners flying!

I see the United States binding up the wounds of other nations, not as a Lady Bountiful, waiting to be praised or smirked upon, but as a good Samaritan, sensibly realizing that the prosperity, the health, the welfare of the one is the welfare of all. She will do this, let us be assured, with a trained staff of Americans, who know the language and customs of the people they serve, and serve in the spirit of Charity!

I see Jefferson and Washington and Lincoln smiling from their secure places in our nation's history; I hear those greatest of all American words—"With malice toward none and charity for all," roll like thunder down the Mall in Washington, reverberating in the Halls of Congress and thence to the people from whom they came.

Charity binding men to God must, at the same time, bind Americans together in national unity. For American charity is universal, provincial and sacred. It is doing God's work, in God's name to one of God's creatures. Charity blesses and consoles the giver as well as the recipient. Charity is the love of God in action. It is the epitome of all the Commandments. "He that abides in Charity abides in God and God in him."

Archbishop Spellman stresses charity, knowing that it is America's characteristic virtue and will be her salvation.

WOMEN AT WORK

MARY J. McCORMICK

WITHIN the period of a single year (December 1941-1942) American manpower has been mobilized for military activity and its woman-power has been drawn, with unprecedented speed, into the industrial life of the nation. By December, 1942, major industries, considered vital to the war effort, were depending upon women for as much as fifty per cent of their personnel. It is impossible to determine what this fifty per cent equals numerically. It is possible, however, to arrive at a reasonably accurate picture of what is being done by these women who work in surroundings that were formerly one hundred per cent, and are now only fifty per cent, masculine. The work itself indicates the type of training and equipment—both physical and mental—that is necessary to carry it on.

Most of the activities new to women can be placed in either of two major divisions within the industrial field. The classification is based on the technical or scientific training that is necessary before any person—man or woman—can engage in a designated occupation. There is, first, the work of factory or mine which is largely manipulative and for which "learning by doing" is the accepted type of preparation. The apprenticeship system can scarcely be improved upon where skill in performance rather than knowledge of theory is important. Secondly, there is the work of the research laboratory and the supervision center in which skill must be fortified by knowledge and for which academic training, under qualified instructors, is both necessary and practical.

The particular character of present-day warfare explains the fact that aircraft industries were among the first to speed up production by employing women who would fit into each of these divisions. In August, 1942 there were 20,000 women workers in airplane factories in the vicinity of Los Angeles alone. Twenty-six per cent of the employees of Boeing Aircraft were women and, throughout the summer of 1942, the company hired ten women to every one man. Officials predicted that, eventually, women will do half of the work on its famous Flying Fortresses.

Twenty-two per cent of the total number of employees at the Douglas plant are women, and the percentage leaps to seventy-six when only "new" employees (presumably those taken on during 1942) are considered. Last November, twenty-one per cent of the workers at Vultee Aircraft were women, and plant officials forecast an increase to fifty per cent by June, 1943. Of the West Coast plants, Consolidated leads, numerically, with 11,000 women in its employ.

The Wright Aeronautical Corporation announced

last September that "women probably will predominate among many thousands of employees when production gets under way" in its new plant at Woodridge, New Jersey. In forecasting large-scale employment of women, officials of the company state that their "experience with quickly-trained female workers [was] most successful in five smaller plants in and near Paterson."

In most of the plants, these women employees are placed in all divisions, "except the drop-hammer and the aluminum head-saw department" and are in both manipulative and scientific work. At Boeing, they operate various types of presses and machines, do riveting and truck-driving and are responsible for fifty per cent of the electrical wiring and tubing. There are women draftsmen and women engineers. Six women, known as "expeditors" "chase parts about the plant and co-ordinate production"; one woman, with the forbidding title of "aerodynamicist" analyzes data on wind-tunnels.

At Vultee Aircraft, women completely assemble the fuselage or body of at least one of the basic trainer models. The highest-paid shop employee is a woman who does "the most delicate and difficult of all welding jobs," the welding of aluminum. In this plant, too, a woman mathematician analyzes flight-test sheets and another woman tests the decifiers and oxygen equipment installed in bombers.

At the Douglas plant, a woman designs machine tools including the "jigs" or cradles, accurate to one ten-thousandth of an inch, in which aircraft parts are vised and made. Her preparation included study in engineering and industrial design at the University of California. Douglas also boasts of a graduate engineer, a woman who is "on the field" as a mechanic and pre-flight inspector.

Less pretentious in numbers but no less important in a program of total war, are the women workers in the shipbuilding industry. By the end of 1942, there were three hundred women at the Kaiser shipyards in Oregon and two hundred others at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Four per cent of the employees at the Hudson Naval Arsenal in Detroit were women, and officials anticipated a rise to twenty-six per cent within another year. Some of these women are assisting ship-fitters and others are learning to be ship-fitters. There are toolroom keepers, who must learn the types and uses of all tools and who can be trained within a month; there are loftsmen who make paper and wood patterns of the hull structures.

Other women receive 160 hours of instruction in how to cut steel plate with a torch and are known as "acetylene burners." "Electric welders" are apprenticed after 375 hours of instruction. At the Detroit plant twenty-four young women help to guard the building. They have the status of civilian auxiliaries to the military police and are qualified to handle firearms. Their "weaker sisters" are employed as inspectors inside the armament buildings.

In September, 1942, women, for the first time, took their places beside men in the copper mines of Arizona and in the lumber camps of Oregon and Washington. At the Miami Copper Company, these

women have taken over mechanical jobs in the machine, pipe-fitting, and repair shops. In the lumber camps, they tally and sort lumber, operate trimming machines, spot lumber for resawing, run locomotives in the yards and transmit signals by electric wires. Their use in the "cook-houses" of the lumber camps is the only form of employment that has a definitely feminine character.

These are a few of the activities that have been opened to women "since Pearl Harbor." The task of training women to carry on such work which, in ordinary times does not attract them, presents another side of the picture. At the present time, responsibility for developing programs of training and induction is being shared by the war plants, the United States Office of Education, and the colleges and universities, especially those that are located in or near production centers. This triple co-operation is especially necessary in scientific and technical subjects. It has resulted in the introduction into the curricula of certain colleges of short courses directed especially toward fitting women to become assistants to engineers in testing laboratories and for placement in the planning departments of factories which make parts for planes, ships and guns.

The popularity of these courses is evidenced by the fact that between February and June, 1942, there was a six-fold increase in enrollment in classes in engineering, chemistry, physics, and production supervision. According to figures released by the Office of Education, there were 34,996 new enrollments in such courses by the end of June. Fifty per cent of these were distributed among colleges in five states near production centers—Pennsylvania, Texas, California, New York and Indiana. At the same time, schools of nursing, to cite a contrast, were alarmed by the critical shortage of student and graduate nurses and were fearful of a serious breakdown in their training programs. In January, 1943, the Illinois State Nurses' Association reported that only two out of ninety-six approved schools of nursing in the state had been able to fill the freshman classes that were scheduled to begin in February.

During the last six months of 1942 there were some interesting and practical developments in co-operation between centers of industry and centers of learning. West Coast munitions plants absorbed thirty-five women to whom Stanford University had offered a ten-weeks course in drafting and technical calculations. General Electric at Schenectady has, in its testing department, forty college women who took courses in physics and mathematics as well as laboratory training in the company's own classrooms. Columbia University is offering a six-weeks course for engineering aides, given in co-operation with the Grumman Aircraft Corporation. The fifty-five women who were recently graduated had been chosen by the firm's personnel department from 1,300 applicants.

Last September Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, which has the distinction of being the oldest engineering college in America, broke a tradition of 116 years when it opened its doors to women, both

as instructors and as students. All courses, including chemistry, metallurgy, biology, physics and architecture are now available to women. At the same time, Russell Sage College for Women revised its educational pattern, to meet the needs of government agencies and war industries, by introducing courses that "will fit young women as soon as possible for positions in chemistry, physics, mathematics, laboratory technology, and business and food administration." The courses are believed to be among the first of their kind in women's colleges. Similar action is being taken in a variety of ways, by colleges and universities throughout the country in an attempt to bring adequately trained women into the field of production for defense.

To the thoughtful person this situation is indicative of disturbing changes in the lives of these women. Some of them are experiencing financial independence for the first time and are, perhaps, in the dangerous position of not knowing how to use wisely the money that is theirs to spend. Others, formerly free to use their earnings as they wished, are now assuming a variety of responsibilities entirely new to them.

In either group there will be women who are harassed and worried about leaving the protective atmosphere of home, office, or classroom to compete with men on an equal basis. On the other hand, many who do so can accept the adjustments involved because of the "thrill" that comes from being an integral part of the war effort. These women find, in the expression of patriotism, adequate compensation for work that is often exacting, sometime grueling, and always strange.

It is not too soon to wonder what will happen to these women when industry no longer needs them. In his address of December 28, Vice-President Wallace stated that, "within the first two years after peace, at least one-half of the 30,000,000 men and women now employed in war production will be seeking jobs different from those which they had when peace came." If women constitute fifty per cent of the personnel of the major war industries, then there will be 7,500,000 of them among the employable persons of the post-war period.

Unless the majority of these women are willing to return to traditionally feminine pursuits—unless many go back to domestic work and many others fill, again, the schools of nursing and education and social work—unemployment will be a more serious national problem than it was a dozen years ago. The return will not be easy, either emotionally or economically. Careful planning, in advance, on the part of leaders, and a willingness on the part of women, themselves, to take their rightful place in the scheme of things is essential. Otherwise, to quote Mr. Wallace, again, "the return of peace can in a few short years bring a shock even worse than the shock of war." Prevention of that shock is just another of the tasks that America faces at the same time that she faces the task of winning a war and laying the foundation for a peace that is just and lasting.

MAN AT WORK

LUDWIG GREIN

TIMIDLY I entered the employment office of the largest local defense plant. The manager, a mild-mannered gentleman in his late forties, looked up questioningly. I then told him that I would like to work in their defense plant, because I had heard that these workers make piles and piles of money. Smilingly he inquired about my qualifications. I unpacked all my knowledge about electricity and all my other mechanical abilities. Proudly I added that I was also the author of a book.

The manager commented dryly that this was all very interesting but not good in this defense plant. As an experienced machinist I could make good money, but otherwise I would have to start on the floor as a laborer and gradually, if I had the ability, I could get some better paying work.

I accepted, and at once the manager reached for a form and began to shoot questions at me. Age, height, weight, name of wife and children, name and home of parents and last place of employment. Then I received a slip of paper with the name and address of the physician who is employed by the plant to examine the newcomers.

About an hour later I entered the reception-room of this physician and found quite a number of other men waiting. I went through the usual routine, testing of eyesight, blood-pressure, ruptures, venereal diseases and hearing. I passed 100 per cent—pretty good for forty-seven years.

Shortly after that I was back at the plant, and there I was referred to a trained nurse. My fingerprints were taken and after that my photograph. I then reported back to the manager ready for final instructions. He handed me a small ticket with my name and a number; henceforth I was known as 122. He admonished me not to lose this little card, because it was my identification, to be shown to the paymaster when receiving my wages. A second warning was not necessary.

That night I looked carefully over my alarm clock and let it ring so I was sure it would not fail. It worked all right. Hastily I ate my breakfast and then I rushed for the bus. The latter was filled to capacity with defense workers going in the same direction and to the same place, as I saw later. I felt a little awkward and out of place, but this feeling soon disappeared.

We entered and were closely scrutinized by guards, clad in gray-green uniforms. Our identification numbers with our photographs had to be pinned on our clothes, easily to be seen. Some of the men were stopped, because their badges were hidden by scarfs and other parts of their clothing. We then reached for our work cards, held in a large rack, and punched the time-clock.

I reached the finishing department and reported to the foreman. The latter, a red-blond giant with a humorous twinkle in his blue eyes, took my work card and looked me over appraisingly. He then jerked his thumb in the direction of another man and told him to take me along and show me the ropes. I was shown how to operate a gas furnace and, after lunch, I was supposed to know all about this job. I was baking pipes, believe it or not.

To my great astonishment I noticed that quite a number of Negroes were working on machines next to white men. These men were doing special work and received higher pay.

I had read much about race-discrimination in defense work, but as the days passed I found no evidence of any kind. I talked to many men, white and colored alike, but they all declared that the only requirements for better work and higher pay were: the necessary skill.

I noticed another thing: there was no driving, and all the men were very helpful. If two men pushed a heavily laden car and seemed to get stuck, men from nearby jobs came running to give a helping hand and a cheerful word. Many of the men told me proudly that they were months ahead of schedule. It made me feel very good, too, to have a hand in the defense of my adopted country.

On the fifth day a man stopped and talked to me. I could tell that he was bursting to ask a question, and after a few common remarks he told me that he had seen my picture in a local magazine in connection with a new book. I then told him that I was the author of *Peace and Bread*, but so far the reading public had neglected to put my book on the best-seller list; hence my present occupation to get food for my large family.

He looked somewhat skeptical and told me his version of a writer. He thought that all authors receive big royalty checks, and also checks from Hollywood; if not writing they go fishing and hunting. I would have liked to agree.

Before I conclude this article I should like to say a few words concerning the myth of the fabulous pay-checks defense workers are supposed to get. The average pay for men is from thirty-five dollars to fifty dollars per week, and this is for a forty-eight-hour week and time-and-a-half for Saturday. This is surely not too much, considering the high food prices at the present time.

There are, of course, skilled men who receive higher pay on account of their training and plenty of overtime, and when the public hears of a weekly pay-check of \$120, they are putting every defense worker into this class. But they forget that we had too many executives who received salaries far in excess of their knowledge—all the way from \$10,000 to \$1,000,000, while some of their workers received twenty-five cents an hour, or six hundred and twenty-four dollars per year. These workers were also human beings and brothers in Christ.

I am soon to receive my first pay-check, and after that I shall try to get a chance at these special machines and thus raise my wages. If I do not succeed, I shall still be proud to be a National Defense Worker.

IS "LIFE" LIKE THAT?

FAMILIAR to all is the dazzling success-story of the Big Three of the magazine world, *Time*, *Life* and *Fortune*. Each of them brought a new idea to the magazine field and each of them hit the jackpot resoundingly.

Life, which burst its swaddling-bands and grew to phenomenal stature almost overnight, has the greatest circulation of all. Beside its huge subscription list and newsstand sales there is also the enormous barber-shop, doctor's office and beauty-shop circulation, so that nearly everybody "goes through" *Life* more or less regularly. Its pictures are good. Its photographers cover the world. It is smart, alert, instructive and maintains a remarkable coverage of historically important current events.

Starting as an almost straight picture magazine (spiked, usually, with a dash of legal nudity), *Life* is veering more and more toward editorializing. Recently the editors seem to be slipping a dash of anti-Catholic acid into their developing fluid and inserting some implications, derogatory to the Church, into their letterpress. We hope not. But the treatment of Catholic French Canada and the recent "startling exposé" of conditions in Puerto Rico (*Life*, March 8, 1943) certainly give the impression that the editors of *Life* think that the Catholic Church is somehow connected with backwardness, poverty and ignorance, and that people would be better off without it.

We do not think that *Life* did a good job on French Canada. The Puerto Rican study, likewise, is superficial and misleading. Says *Life*:

Despite dissemination of hygienic information by the United States Government, the Church's traditional opposition to birth control is a contributing reason for Puerto Rico's basic problem—overpopulation.

This is not only hostility toward the Church—it is an editorializing plug for birth control and a stupid over-simplification of the complex problems of Puerto Rico. Rexford Guy Tugwell, the Governor of Puerto Rico, who presumably has a much better grasp of Puerto Rico's difficulties than *Life's* cameraman, who sojourned there for five weeks, says that overpopulation is *not* Puerto Rico's basic problem. Says Tugwell:

If sun, rain and wind give us power for factories; and the land yields raw products to be converted there, what then becomes of that favorite frightener, overpopulation? Certainly, it cannot truly be said that this island is overpopulated so long as its resources have not been fully utilized . . . the easy alibi of overpopulation . . . is not one into which we should allow retreat without challenge.

Life, once again, has attempted to interpret a Catholic country to its millions of readers and, in spite of numerous pictures, has failed to get the real picture. But poor reporting is one thing and propaganda hostile to the Church is another. We sincerely hope that *Life*, which has become an American institution, was only guilty of a slip and has not adopted a deliberate policy that would cause it to be shunned by Catholic readers.

EDITOR

CIVIL LIBERTIES

PRACTISING what one preaches always lends added strength to the doctrine. The four freedoms for which we fight seem still more worthwhile and practicable for all the world, when we see them impartially upheld in our American way of life here at home.

Two recent court decisions show the jealousy with which our civil liberties are being guarded. This is laudable at all times, of course, but particularly now when the rush and fever of wartime tend subtly to blind clear decisions. The first decision was the reversal, by the Supreme Court, of the conviction of George Sylvester Viereck, Nazi propagandist. He had been convicted on the grounds that he had failed to report his activities to the State Department; the Supreme Court decided that he had complied with all the law requires, namely, that "all agents of foreign principals must register."

The second case was the upsetting, by the Supreme Court, of restrictions set by Texas courts against the distribution of literature by Jehovah's Witnesses. The Supreme Court ruled that municipal ordinances cannot "deprive a person of his constitutional right to express his views in an orderly fashion." A review of local decisions on the *Witness* and the flag salute is to come up later.

The point of our applause of these two decisions, of course, is not that we like Nazi propagandists or fanatical sects. The point is that wrong-headedness is not sufficient reason for having one's civil liberties curtailed. Freedom of speech, freedom of activity within the Constitution, must be granted to all and, once granted, guarded as jealously for those with whom we violently disagree as for those who see things our way.

Furthermore, in the realm of practical life, in protecting their liberties, we protect our own. Legislation that would cripple the Witnesses might well serve as a precedent to cramp the apostolate of the Church. We may well bemoan the existence of this and all false sects but, granted their orderly conduct, their civil rights and ours stand or fall together.

In a world of injustice today, the blindfolded lady manages to see quite well here. If we can (and, God helping, we will) give impartial justice to our fellow Americans, there is hope that we may yet share it with all the oppressed peoples of the world.

THREAT TO WAGE CONTROL

SAFELY past the demands of packing-house and Coast aircraft workers for wage increases—but not without scars—the harassed War Labor Board watched anxiously the drama that unfolded last week in two Manhattan hotels. The principal actors were John L. Lewis, representing 450,000 bituminous coal miners, and Northern and Southern mine operators. The action had to do with the miners' demand for a two-dollar-a-day blanket increase in wages. Since this increase would sabotage the "Little Steel formula," according to which a fifteen per-cent wage boost is allowed to cover the rise in living costs between January 1, 1941, and May 1, 1942, WLB knew that it was up against a last-ditch fight for the national program of wage stabilization, and perhaps for its life.

While the necessity of keeping prices in line and of preserving respect for WLB must be clear to every thoughtful man, no less clear is the substantial justice of the miners' case. The cost of living, higher in coal regions than elsewhere, has not been stabilized. The cost of food, which is the most important item on the worker's budget, has advanced forty-two per cent since 1939, and will certainly go higher if the farm bloc has its way in Congress.

Furthermore, production of soft coal is up 66,000,000 tons over 1941, although the number of workers is down 85,000. With production at such a high level, the miners contend that most of the cost of the wage hike could be met out of increased profits, with little necessity for increasing coal prices perceptibly. Finally, since the wages of miners contrast badly with wages paid in many other industries, there exists a danger that miners will switch jobs and bring on a disastrous crisis in manpower.

If the mine operators accede to Mr. Lewis' demands, WLB, and Economic Stabilizer Byrnes, are going to face a crucial decision. Up to now they have shown no sign of weakening in their stand against the bituminous miners. They can only say to Mr. Lewis that a worse evil, an inflationary spiral, demands in the name of the common good that this lesser evil be suffered. Otherwise, the "Little Steel formula" will go—and with it the foundations of the fight against inflation. And the last state of the miners would be worse than the first.

ISOLATIONIST RUSSIA?

THREE weeks ago, this Review censured the Soviet Government's pronouncement on the post-war status of the Baltic republics as a lapse into international anarchy. This censure we reassert. It would be unfortunate, however, to leave the matter merely at a condemnation. It would be unfortunate if we in the United States were to salve our consciences by stoning Russia, without adverting to the fact that our own house is made of glass.

Recent activity, in and out of Congress, gives us reason to hope that we are realizing the need of some more permanent and less fragile building material. Russia's action is forcing the problem upon us. We denounce Russia for abandoning international order; and Russia replies, very simply: What order?

What order, indeed? It has long been a dream that somehow—in defiance of all history and human experience—nations can get along without order; or that we, in America, can insulate ourselves from the international atmosphere. By a blanket extension of the warning against "entangling alliances," the idea of all serious international co-operation was rejected. Mr. Sumner Welles, speaking at the University of Toronto, wrote the epitaph for that dream:

We have seen beyond the shadow of any doubt that a policy of international cooperation which far too many told us twenty-four years ago was a policy of suicidal sentimentality, was, in fact, a policy of advantageous hardheaded realism.

One advantage of the Russian attitude on the Baltic states is that it gives us a very good object-lesson in the "realism" of isolationism. The Soviet Government claims not to "intend to meddle" with the internal affairs of any other country, and will be pleased if we shall refrain from meddling in its own "internal" affairs—affairs which include, of course, the Baltic states. The affronted American will reply, of course, that the United States has no intention of absorbing its neighbor republics and is, in fact, devoid of imperialistic ambitions. American isolationism is not predatory.

Granted. But, apart from the happy accident that we have neighbors who are no threat to us and whom we do not threaten, our American isolationism is not wholly dissimilar to the pernicious foreign policy of the Kremlin. For isolationism is just another name for international anarchy.

The issue has been thrown even more emphatically into the spotlight by Vice President Wallace's address to the Conference on Christian Bases of World Order. He warned his hearers that World War No. 3 would be the most probable outcome if America "double-crossed" Russia. Strong protests have greeted this phrase, from every part of the nation. Mr. Wallace might, indeed, have chosen a form of expression less offensive to American ears; but he may have wanted to let us see our possible actions from the viewpoint of the Kremlin.

For we may as well understand that if we go into this war waving the Atlantic Charter and the Four Freedoms, and come out of it only to retire

into an isolationist tepee, Russia will feel that she has been "double-crossed," whatever may be our word for it. President Roosevelt represents a great hope to many of the peoples of Europe; he has stood and still stands for international cooperation on the lines of the Atlantic Charter. But behind the President we hear the sound of voices austere warning all whom it may concern that Mr. Roosevelt may, indeed, negotiate treaties, but that the Senate must ratify them.

Stalin is no fool; he could not be and have survived in the Russia of the past quarter of a century. All during his life he has had to meet secrecy with secrecy, craft with craft, plot with counterplot. For a large portion of his life he was "underground," matching his wits against the Tsar's secret police in a warfare that knew neither scruple nor pity. It was strictly a matter of the survival of the fittest.

It would be a psychological miracle, therefore, were such a man to accept even his allies' protestations at their face value. And it has to be admitted that, so far, we have tendered him little but fair words in regard to postwar Europe. We have, it is true, been more than generous with essential arms, equipment and supplies. But there is no tangible evidence—least of all, evidence that would convince Mr. Stalin—that we are prepared to take a strong and leading part in the European settlement.

There is nothing to be surprised at, then, in the Russian attitude. The Soviet Government wants a strong, secure Russia, bounded by safe frontiers. In the uncertainty whether the postwar frontiers will be secured by some international agreement or by Russia's own strength, Stalin is playing safe. He is jockeying for a position which will be safe in any event.

The situation is fraught with danger. Whatever we may think of the words and deeds of Joseph Stalin, he cannot be ignored. It is no time for comfortable words and soul-satisfying phrases. Our ally is one of the world's realists in politics. He knows what he wants and how he intends to get it. His ends and his means must profoundly influence the peace settlement, and no amount of rhetoric can alter that fact. As Father Ralph Gordon, C.P., says editorially in the *Sign* (March, 1943):

In most discussions of the postwar peace there is an almost complete lack of frankness regarding the role Soviet Russia will play in making the peace and the postwar world. The tendency at present is to adopt a head-in-the-sand attitude toward this issue.

Russia has played a predominant role in the war and will undoubtedly play an equally important role in making the peace. It is perfectly useless, therefore, to discuss the kind of peace we want without taking into consideration the kind the Russians want.

Upon isolationist principles, the present Russian policy is unassailable. If Russia is to cooperate in implementing the Atlantic Charter in postwar Europe. Congress must make it clear to her that isolationism is dead, and that we stand ready to take the part in remaking the shattered world that our strength and wealth demand of us.

TABOR AND CALVARY

DOMINANT in the life of Jesus was the Cross. It stood before Him always as a goal, loomed at the end of every road He walked. For this was He born, for this came He into the world and we cannot understand Him if we forget the cross. Even over His glorious transfiguration (Saint Matthew xvii, 1-13) lay the somber cruciform shadow.

Six days before, He had told His Apostles frankly that they must deny themselves, that to save his life a man must lose it, that the badge and banner of the follower of Christ was the cross. His Kingdom and Church were to be born of blood and shame and death.

Our Lord knew they were shocked and frightened at the high, hard road He pointed out to them. He realized they were weak, that their little human hearts still clung wistfully to a dream of earthly empire, glory gained without suffering. He foresaw that Gethsemane and Calvary would horrify them, that in those dreadful hours they would need a memory which would comfort them. So, scarcely a week after His revelation of the doctrine of the cross, He took Peter, James and John up a high mountain and was brilliantly transfigured before them.

Dazzled, the three fishermen looked at their Lord walking with Moses and Elias. Impetuous as ever, Peter spoke out but, even as he rashly intruded upon this scene of splendor, another Voice thundered from heaven acclaiming Jesus as the Eternal Son of God. Stunned with terror and blinded with light, the Apostles fell on their faces until Our Lord aroused them. He was alone; Moses and Elias had vanished; the Old Law had been supplanted, the Prophets superseded by the Son of God Himself.

For one brief hour Jesus had permitted His Divinity to shine through and illuminate His Humanity. These three men would witness another terrible transfiguration in the gloom of Gethsemane and on the Mount of Calvary. In the terrible hours in the garden, Peter and James and John would be sodden with sleep and grief, unable to watch with Him. Later that night, terror-stricken, they would desert Him. The memory of Tabor would sustain them then; it would teach them the lesson they so steadfastly refused to learn, that suffering and glory, the cross and the crown, are interrelated as cause and effect.

For the central symbol of the Church is not Christ transfigured on Tabor, but crucified on Calvary. We must still remember that Christ suffered and because of that entered into glory, as He told the disciples on the road to Emmaus after His Resurrection.

For each of us the call is the same: Take up your cross. There is no promise of an easy fight, a painless victory. The price of the crown is still the cross. Our life is a long Lent, and suffering is inevitable. But, golden-haloed before us is the prize of suffering resignedly endured—the glory of the endless Easter of Eternity. "It is good for us to be here" is no less true on Calvary than on Tabor.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

SAINTS IN LITERATURE

SISTER ROSAIRE GREWEN

[This paper may give one answer to the problem posed last week by William B. Hill. Perhaps, if our Catholic writers knew the Saints better, knew the deep roots of Catholic spirituality better, the knowledge would vivify their writing. French letters have become Catholic in this way, the present article contends; with the success of the Song of Bernadette, we may be on the way.—Literary Editor]

THE SAINTS have invaded the modern city. They have come out of their shrines or descended from their stained glass windows. Without taking off their aureoles, they elbow the masses, mingle with them and chat with them. The holy ones must be a little dazzled at this intimacy because formerly they were without kin and country.

And modern French writers are responsible for this phenomenon! The French author, Flaubert, during the last century, disgustingly cast aside the first version of his *Saint Anthony* when he noticed the apathy of its readers. Today, Flaubert would have no such cause for discouragement; modern society takes pleasure in hearing of the citizens of Heaven.

France, the "eldest daughter of the Church," has created this interest in the Saints. At the very outbreak of the last World War, Louis Bertrand's *Saint Augustine* established in France a new literary genre. A whole train of hagiographers followed Bertrand, and in the works of such artists as Baumann, Goyau, Brousson, Bernoville, Yver and many others too numerous to mention, is seen the figure of the Saint formed and chiseled out of the precious stone of his humanity. This "marriage of art and sweet devotion" has opened the way to the Saints in the other genres.

One glance at modern poetry offers sufficient evidence that the Saints are enjoying a great vogue. After an obscurity of several centuries, they deserve the place which they occupy today. In order to find as opulent a production of poetry on the Saints as that of our days, we must go back to the Middle Ages. During that period, the Saints reigned everywhere. But after those glorious ages, our Saints were relegated to the background. There was no place for Catholic Saints in the pagan Renaissance, in the classical seventeenth century, in the century dominated by the Encyclopedists and even that of the Romantics. With few exceptions, our Saints remained in obscurity until recent

times when prominent writers, like Paul Claudel, the greatest poet of these times, began their contributions.

Claudel's whole life has been dominated by the Saints. All his literary undertakings are impregnated with the teachings of Saint Augustine, which may be summed up in the thought that for support we must look heavenward. Even though affairs of state took the greater part of this man's time, he never forgot his role of father, and the importance of the role he shows in his poem, *Saint Martin*. The father, says Claudel, is our "origin and our justification." It is he who has given us the name which we are always ready to defend. Thus, Saint Martin, the one who has given back to the sons of France the liberty for which they fought, is the symbol of the head of the family gathering about him his children, in order to show them that they are his necessity and his desire.

Claudel is interested, too, in Saint Jude, the patron of hopeless cases. Saint Jude succors those with whom the other Apostles do not bother. "Jude," says the poet, "saves and draws to Heaven by a single hair of his head the man of letters as well as the assassin." These men whom Claudel celebrates in *Corona Benignitatis Anni Dei* are truly Saints. In *Feuilles des Saints*, however, which he published later, he presents men who have found a thousand difficulties in purifying their love but who are, nevertheless, engaged in a quest like that of the Saints.

Another writer with whom the Saints enjoyed the greatest favor is the young soldier poet, Charles Péguy. Shortly before his death in the first World War, Péguy related a tale about the Saints which he planned to write. In brief, the story, found in *Correspondant*, runs thus:

A certain man is contemplating committing a serious sin. A letter is all that is necessary to accomplish this. He takes his paper, but before writing, he looks at the date, the twenty-fifth of August, the Feast of Saint Louis, King—the holy king, the protector of all Frenchmen. He cannot commit the sin this day. Scanning the calendar for a "free" day, he finds there is none; there is a saintly protector for every day in the year. The desperate man leaves his work and starts out for a walk. On every street or in every lane, he sees either the picture or the name of a Saint. Finally, the realization comes to the poor man that the Saints are not going to permit him to commit his sin.

Péguy had the greatest love and esteem for Joan of Arc as is seen from his conversation with a friend, also related in *Correspondant*:

Nobody, do you understand, nobody knows how to do justice to Jeanne d'Arc. My dear man, the day when I shall be received into the French Academy, I shall tell them who Jeanne d'Arc is. To ac-

comply this properly, I should have to replace Anatole France. Wouldn't that be fine? Then, I'd tell them what Jeanne d'Arc has done for us—to be sure.

Unfortunately, Péguy, whose patriotism and Catholicism were "consubstantial," did not live to see his dream fulfilled.

Louis Mercier, a contemporary of Péguy, is entirely original. Instead of choosing some of the blessed inhabitants of the heavenly Jerusalem for subjects, he writes poems on the three kingdoms which form the Mystical Body of the Catholic Church. He finds it easier to speak of Purgatory than of Paradise. *Purgatoire* relates a dream of the poet wherein he descends the stairway and catches a glimpse of the souls bent under sorrow, who are, nevertheless, mindful of their distant goal where eternal happiness awaits them. In a short conversation, which takes place between Mercier and a soul, the author explains the whole doctrine of Purgatory.

The Church Triumphant and Suffering do not absorb all the poet's attention. The *Poèmes de la Tranchée* show interest in his brothers of the Church Militant who sacrifice their lives for their country. In *Prière du Soir* of this volume, he recommends his wounded brothers and prisoners to the care of Saint Joan: "Lord, we pray for those among our brothers who are living this evening and will be dead tomorrow. At their departure from this world, give them time for a prayer and gently take their souls in Your hands."

Girard, in the *Etudes Religieuses*, has well said that Mercier, "through the history and the soul of Jeanne, allows us to see, with infinite art, the history and the soul of our heroic and modest soldiers."

In their apostolic desire to save souls, all these poets who have been mentioned, and many others, have openly declared themselves Catholic. Their messages of hope and of joy, as well as their use of the Saints as models, have been their great work in the Catholic revival.

As a consequence of the infiltration of naturalism into the novel, critics predicted that this literary form would die of impoverishment because it had remained the most profane of all the genres. But no, at the beginning of this century, French Catholic inspiration seized the novel and it, too, became vigorously rejuvenated.

In the pre-war novel, an incredible richness was being revealed. The treatment of the interior life was an incentive to people to rise above the natural plan in order to attain the supernatural. The theme, that the power of penetrating into the domain of sanctity often comes in an hour of grief and sacrifice, was offering a new interest for the masses fatigued by decaying materialism.

Such is the thesis of *L'Immolé* of Emile Baumann. Daniel Rovère is the *immolé* or offered victim who attempts to atone for the sins of his ancestors, especially those of his father. Daniel, with the thought that "there is nothing better than the will to suffer in God" offers himself to God in order to save his father's soul. The sacrifice is accepted, and Madame Rovère dies of tuberculosis, while her

son devotes his life to good works. This prayer of the *immolé* in the chapel of the Poor Souls sums up the meaning of the novel: "O Jesus, may I be a victim, and may none of my expiation be wasted by not being united with Thine, but may every part of my life be a part of Thy life."

Even though Baumann did not write his novel on a Saint canonized by the Church, he is credited with having paved the way for the Saints in this genre. Like so many Saints, Daniel, through his suffering for the sins of others, shares in the Redemption and fills up what is wanting in the sufferings of Christ.

Louis Bertrand's *Sanguis Martyrum* was the first after-war hagiographic novel. The aim of this work was to put in relief the motive and purpose of the sufferings and death of the martyrs of the third century. For those who had recently witnessed so much human heroism in the World War, this spectacle of religious heroism made sense. The story develops around two principal characters. First, there is Saint Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, who, in order to give the example of the virtue that he preaches and to encourage the faithful, delivers himself generously and even gladly to the hangman. On the other hand, there is Caecilius, Senator of the Empire, a rich but weak Christian who, in the hour of trial, is fortified and encouraged by his Bishop and friend, Saint Cyprian.

Sanguis Martyrum proves that the cycle of martyrs in the novel was not terminated with the tremendous success of *Quo Vadis*. It also continues the lesson of the Redemption found in *L'Immolé* of Emile Baumann: the mystery of the Cross raises souls above triumphant injustice and grief without compensation even to Heaven.

In 1926, the novel, *Under Satan's Star*, by George Bernanos, treated sanctity from an altogether new viewpoint. This "strange novel" is divided into three parts. In reading the first, the story of Mouchette, a wayward girl, the reader might be tempted to cast aside the book in disgust if he did not understand that the story serves as a fresco which gives an idea of the Satanic world where l'Abbé Donissan has to work. The second part, "The Temptation of Despair," describes the priest's elevated spiritual life and his own inward struggles. The third part, "The Saint of Lumbres," gives an idea of the outside struggle of a priest in such an unspiritual parish as Lumbres. Because Bernanos treats of the very core of the spiritual life, he is said to be the most Catholic prose writer of contemporary French literature.

During the earlier part of this century, then, the Saints made a universal conquest of France, invading every nook and corner. Today, these chosen friends of God, looking down on a country beaten, broken, and to a certain point de-Christianized, utter a message of hope and joy. In the person of Saint Bernadette, the same message has been brought to the American people.

When the *beati* conquer the vast fields of American literature as they have French letters, there will, indeed, be reason for chanting with the Queen of all Saints, *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*.

TRAIN ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Leaving New York at sunset, snaking
out of the sun-drenched city,
the slow-gathering darkness going with the surge of
the train.

Night in the sleepers, the lick of the wheels
pressing cold tongues against the unseen rails,
and the voices quieting, the rain of darkness
pressing us all into the mold of sleep. . . .

(O half-awake mind under the night sky,
the stars and the speeding ground;
what land winds underfoot, what hill and lake
we shear beside, dipping into our pools of dark!)

Then the morning, the long whips of air cracking against
the train,
and the fellows dropping down from their berths to
peer at the strange landscape,
and the fan-edged tower of light. It is day; the train
will not cease pouring out its torrent of echos.
Then the realization! Knowing the broad country under
our feet and under steel,
knowing that we have put a lash on Pennsylvania, and
cut the fields of Ohio.
Illinois is a spinning thread; and so is Missouri.
We pull the tablecloth of the States from under us and
push it away
until we come into Kansas—the level fields and the
homely barns.
A day has passed; we slept in Missouri; we open our
eyes in Kansas,
and feel the rushing blade of the land push by us,
knowing that soon the train will stop, and the blade
will be ours
to step upon, to make our own as the fields lap like
waves around us.

DANIEL SMYTHE

PRAYER ON A HILLSIDE

Our Father, Who art in heaven
And is it Thee, my Father, ruffling the meadow
grasses,
Smoothing them back and forth like a tiger's fur?
And is it Thy strong touch when the southwind
passes,
Smelling of woodland myrrh?

Hallowed be Thy name;
Out of the elderberry's clustered whiteness,
In a pronunciation far from ours,
A yellow-throat now hallows Thy name of bright-
ness—
Name that confounds the Powers.

*Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is
in heaven.*
Oh, and before the King is the country splended!
Violet, cowslip and wild geranium
Cover the land to His mighty reign surrendered.
Father, Thy kingdom come!

*Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our
trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.*
Only this day, as though none had preceded
Its heart-sustaining bread of wonderment—
Only Thy pity for littleness is needed
That we may be content.

*And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from
evil. Amen.*

Watching the pasture flowing like green water,
Here is our prayer of May-deep rapture spun—
Let us go hand in hand with the Spirit's daughter,
Journeying toward the sun.

SISTER M. BERNETTA

SONG OF INNOCENCE

O see the lovely ermine coats
And pearls upon these slender throats
And hear the light and lilting chatter
Of those whose names and faces matter.

With what impeccable address
They fill the season's emptiness;
With what restraint and charming taste
The brutal universe is faced.

O see the lovely silk and gold
Upon these skulls and bones. Behold
One silent moment and the shock
To hear the ticking of a clock.

HENRY RAGO

LE REPOS EN EGYPTE

Mary went a-journeying
Into Egypt land
With the Babe upon her breast
By her God's command.

The little burro stumbled
Feet unnerved for sleep,
Climbing up the wastelands,
Desert's moat and keep.

Joseph walked beside them,
Joseph bowed with woe,
Fearing for the Infant,
Wondering where to go.

Angels and archangels
Formed the caravan,
Guarding the three pilgrims
From pursuing man.

Mary sang a soft song,
Child against her heart,
When they passed the river,
Safe from spiteful dart.

Ikhnaton's blind hopings
Were fulfilled that day
When the Lord of every sun
Played with Egypt's clay.

How they fared in Egypt
None shall ever know;
Joseph's love was self-effacing
As Judea's snow.

MARGARET DEVEREAUX CONWAY

IF YOU READ BOOKS YOU ARE A NATURAL CATHOLIC MIND READER

THIS digest-size monthly is a book to have and to hoard. Each month it publishes documents that are important for you to have, and that you cannot get elsewhere, easily—articles of superior merit gathered from many publications abroad and at home, addresses by prominent Catholic leaders.

The March issue is out, and is fast going out of print. It brings to life, for example, an Encyclical of Leo XIII, on Saint Joseph, published in 1889. Only after a search through several libraries could we locate this beautiful Encyclical.

Also, it publishes the address delivered by Cardinal Can Rooy, Primate of Belgium, dealing with *The Liberty of the Church*.

Then, it reprints a masterly article by Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., on *The Function of Government in Industry*. This was originally published in *The Modern Schoolman*. A dozen other features make the March *Catholic Mind* a valuable little monthly.

The February issue, likewise, is fast being exhausted, since there has been an unprecedented demand for it. The February number, among other features, carried the Bishop of Berlin's Pastoral, *Rights Are from God*, Cardinal Hinsley's article, *Africa and the Atlantic Charter*, the address by the Assistant Secretary of State, G. Howland Shaw, *Catholic Charities in War Time*, and many more features that make the February *Catholic Mind* a valuable little record of the times.

The increase in the number of subscribers since January has been so tremendous that it is worrisome. We are fast reaching the number that can be supplied under war-time restriction on paper. To you who are wise, then, we offer a recommendation. Send your subscription to *The Catholic Mind* as soon as you can. Later may be too late. At the time, we are uncertain as to the paper future. We are hoping to keep the lists open, but we cannot make predictions. Hence, subscribe now.

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BOOKS

A DEVIL ON SPIRITUALITY

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS. By C. S. Lewis. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50

SCREWTAPE is a very high (or should it be "low"?) official in the Infernal Lowerarchy; and some of his letters to Wormwood, his nephew, have fallen into the hands of Mr. Lewis. Wormwood is a young and rather inexperienced devil; and his uncle's letters give him the benefit of many years of work in tempting human beings.

Screwtape knows men and women; he had made it his business, for centuries, to know men and women. He knows and fears The Enemy, from Whose hands he endeavors to snatch men's souls. And out of this vast experience, he advises his young colleague in the treatment of his "patient." Dealing, for instance, with the "dangers" of prayer, he consoles Wormwood with the comment:

In avoiding this situation—this real nakedness of the soul in prayer—you will be helped by the fact that the humans themselves do not desire it as much as they suppose. There's such a thing as getting more than they bargained for!

Screwtape, as Tempter Emeritus, is justifiably proud of the Modern Mind which he has helped to create. "He [the patient] doesn't think of doctrines as primarily 'true' or 'false,' but as 'academic' or 'practical,' 'outworn' or 'contemporary,' 'conventional' or 'ruthless.'"

The reader will go through this book with many a smile, for here is irresistible humor and keen satire; but it will, at times, be a rueful smile, as he realizes how often he has "fallen for" the stratagems described by Uncle Screwtape. And more than once he will be "brought up standing" as the writer's probing finger touches the nerve.

Mr. Lewis does not confine himself to mere satire. He shows a deep knowledge of the things of the spirit. Letters VIII and IX give a masterly treatment of what, in the Ignatian Exercises, are called consolation and desolation.

Our cause is never in more danger [writes the instructor] than when a human, no longer desiring but still intending to do the Enemy's will, looks round upon a universe from which every trace of Him seems to have vanished, and asks why he has been forsaken, and still obeys.

Elsewhere, the antithesis between Satan and Christ is finely stated:

We want cattle who can finally become food; He wants servants who can finally become sons. We want to suck in, He wants to give out. We are empty and would be filled; He is full and flows over.

Indeed, if much in this book does not stem, at least indirectly, from the Spiritual Exercises, it must be because the strife between Christ and Satan is ever the same and will be seen in the same general terms by minds lighted by Reason and Faith. CHARLES KEENAN

LONELY FOR CHRIST

THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN. 2. HUMAN DESTINY. By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75

THE social catastrophes of our time have led the author, a Professor of New York's Union Theological Seminary, to revise the entire structure of his theological thought. The present volume completes the statement of his new position. It will undoubtedly receive wide and thoughtful consideration.

Professor Niebuhr writes with distinction. In *Human Destiny* he presents a philosophy of history which incorporates what he conceives to be the fundamental truths of Christian revelation. Man, we are told, is a paradox, involved in the flux of the historical process and yet, by his reason and freedom, transcending history. Since this is the case, the whole course of history must have a meaning in terms which themselves transcend history. Full disclosure of this meaning can be had only in the light which Christian revelation sheds upon the paradoxical nature of man and upon the solution of that paradox which will take place at the end of, and outside, history.

Into such a framework is woven a theology which is neither Catholic nor Protestant nor the modern "liberal" version of Christianity. There is, in fact, a certain pathos in the intellectual loneliness with which the author encompasses his ultimate faith. He finds "error" in the Christianity of the entire course of our Tradition, from "Saint Paul and the early church" even to the present day. The Christological teachings of the great Councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon are rejected as "logical nonsense." The doctrine of the Fathers of the Church on the nature of Redemption is, after being grievously misunderstood by the author, brushed aside as "absurd." The writings of the great Christian mystics are for him "heresies." Fifteen centuries of Christian faith are repudiated in his conviction that "in a sense, the full truth of the Gospel was never fully known, or at least never explicitly stated" until the Reformation. But then we immediately learn that even the Reformation did not understand its own doctrines. The full stature of the intellectual loneliness of the book appears in the fact that, while maintaining the Divinity of Jesus Christ, it ventures to find error even in His teaching!

Yet there are in this synthesis passages of great merit. There is both eloquence and insight in its description of the obligation of Christians "to change social structures so that they might conform more perfectly to the requirements of brotherhood." Its analysis of Renaissance "optimism" and of Reformation "defeatism," and of the action of these two on each other and on modern culture, is brilliantly accomplished. The relation of Luther's social principles ("Some must be free, others serfs . . .") to the tragic events of contemporary history is ably drawn. Most effective of all is the author's demolition of the modern *credo* of progress. He is tireless in demonstrating that each new advance of civilization brings with it possibilities of new and even greater evil.

In dealing with Catholicism, the author sometimes fails of the scholarliness and kindness which distinguish him in other contexts. Things dear to the Faith of the majority of his fellow-Christians are described as "monstrous" and "blasphemous." Even the *passé* indictment of the Papacy as "Anti-Christ" is dusted off and blessed as "religiously correct." Almost invariably these strictures are based on the author's misunderstanding of Catholic theology. The Church does not, for instance, teach that the activity of Divine Grace is confined within the limits of her institutional self. The Council of Orange defined the exact opposite fourteen centuries ago. The term *societas perfecta* is applied by the Church to civil states as well as to herself and does not carry the meaning of moral immaculacy which Niebuhr attacks as "monstrous." Nor is the Catholic doctrine of the sanctity of a man in Grace the inordinately perfectionist theory which this book, by omitting all reference to the fact and nature of enduring concupiscence, makes it out to be. Examples of such misunderstanding could be multiplied if space permitted.

Human Destiny makes much of the frailties of human understanding in its struggle after truth. That God *could* have instituted in His Church, if He so desired, a teacher who would protect men against that frailty in their possession of revealed truth is something which I think no Christian will deny. The thoughtful reader will see in the panorama of this book a powerful demonstration of how fitting it was that He should.

JOSEPH BLUETT, S.J.

"This Publishing Business"

THOMAS AND TODAY

The first Sunday of this month of March was the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas. On the Monday—that being as close as a publisher can work to Sunday—ESSAYS IN THOMISM was published. Father Robert Brennan, O.P., widely known for his own writings in Psychology, persuaded fifteen of St. Thomas's pupils to make some such Survey of the problems of today as their master might have made if this had been his century.

In the solution of any problem there are two things to be considered: the problem itself and the mind which is trying to solve it. It has never been wise to neglect the mind: it would be sheer folly now when the mind is itself one of the problems. It is the unhappy tragedy of the modern man that as his problems have crowded in more multifariously upon him, he has been less and less sure of his own mind. Reality has been threatening to drown him and he has been wondering if he can so much as be aware of reality. For this reason two of these Essays, by Rudolf Allers and John K. Ryan, treat of the mind—and perhaps the truly admirable Essay on "Prudence" by Charles O'Neil should be named in this group.

The problems—as distinct from the mind which faces them—fall into two groups: perennial and contemporary. Outstanding among the "perennials" are Jacques Maritain's "Reflections on Necessity and Contingency" (its opening phrase is more like the opening of a poem "When a certain bee visits a certain rose at a certain instant of time"); "The Nature of the Angels" by John O. Riedl (late of Marquette, now of the U. S. Navy); and a notably profound essay by Anton Pegis on "The Dilemma of Being and Unity."

The remaining essays look directly at the life we are now, according to our various temperaments, living or enduring. Here the samplings (for such a Survey can only be by samplings) are especially significant—Law, Economics, Politics, Education and Art. It is in this section of the book that the vitality and actuality of Thomism are most evident. Men facing the most urgent problems of their own day with the philosophy of a man who, had he lived on, would now be 720, might easily have been like Sinbad burdened and half strangled by the Old Man of the Sea. But clearly Thomism is not a burden that these men have to carry but a power that carries them. Naturally they are not trying to tell us what St. Thomas said about the problems of the twentieth century. The object of Thomism is not Thomas but Reality: the reward of studying Thomas is not a knowledge of Thomas but an intimacy with Reality. The object of all these essays is suggested in a phrase from Mortimer Adler's "Question about Law": "St. Thomas has given us enough to enable us to do a job which, under the exigencies of his life and times, he was not called upon to do." It is in this spirit that Adler himself inquires what is lacking in St. Thomas's almost miraculous Treatise on Law that prevents modern thinkers from accepting it; Mgr. John A. Ryan relates the Economic Philosophy of Aquinas to Pius XI's concept of Social Justice; Yves Simon looks "Beyond the Crisis of Liberalism"; Fr. Walter Farrell, O. P., tries to foresee "The Fate of Representative Government"; Fr. Robert Slavin, O.P., considers the state of Education and Immanuel Chapman the dilemmas of Art—for though he calls his essay "The Perennial Theme of Beauty," it belongs in this group on contemporary problems: to many its treatment of James Joyce's theory of art will be the most fascinating thing in the book: though, on second thoughts, readers of that taste will find most fascinating of all the rhythmized Epilogue by Herbert Schwartz on Knowing and on Wisdom.

FJS

ESSAYS IN THOMISM, Edited by Robert Brennan, O.P., pp. 427. Price \$5.00

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GERMANY IN PERSPECTIVE

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY. By John T. Whitaker.
The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

IN this brilliant piece of writing, Mr. Whitaker, foreign correspondent for the newspaper of the current Secretary of the Navy, puts the contemporary action of Germany into its proper perspective. His eye never leaves the end that he sets for himself, as he surveys the various nations of Europe in their war situations. He has amassed a grand fund of fact and experience during his years of observation and reporting. And he possesses a dynamic style that grips the reader from the first words of his charming preface, dedicated to his brother who is in arms, to the last lines of a conclusion that is dedicated to the conversion of the isolationist.

His love for truth and his flaming patriotism give him a first-rate formula for a war book. Pre-war Germany, for instance, is painted with a combination of power and carefulness in detail that cannot fail to engage the full attention of American readers. In four lines he sums up the technique of the thing. The same pattern ran through every Nazi meeting. There were almost always five speakers. "The first attacked the Treaty of Versailles; the second attacked the rich, the third the Jews, the fourth the foreigners—any foreigner, every foreigner—and the fifth held forth promises."

Unfortunately, his patriotism and strong democratic soul sometimes appear to shorten his perspective. A point on which to test this judgment is his Spain, or, as he calls it, "A Slight Case of Murder." His factual story of the Falangistas will make the blood curdle, and his estimate of Francisco Franco, while apparently unsympathetic and hostile, undoubtedly represents a view formed on the spot. But in presenting his total case he simply forgets to depict the origins of the fight, the riot of passion and lawlessness that ushered in the civil war. Had he told that tale as he did for Germany, against its bloody background, his pen would have measured reality more closely. No one should condone the horrible excesses on both sides, but the question is what would Whitaker have done, and what would any American have done, if he had seen his country manhandled as Spain was from 1934 to 1936.

His figures on the elections of 1936 should be put down as subject to error, but that is a minor point, as is his enumeration of 86,420 (!) air raids carried out by Italian flyers in Spain. So, too, he has not mentioned the careful writing of Major McNeill-Moss on the Jay Allen episodes. But above all this, it was a fight for fundamentals, and not merely for the frame of democracy. Should Spain dissolve without a fight? Atrocity cannot be approved, on whichever side it be found, but the picture of Franco as just a wily climber does not satisfy one who seeks the truth in this holocaust.

The reviewer, while surely not as close to the fray as the reporter, offers a respectful demurrer against the inference of the chapter title. That was definitely a battle for ideals, apart from the fratricidal excesses—a battle not unlike the wars of the Reconquest.

Notwithstanding this blemish, the work has its high value, and the book commends itself as wholesome nourishment for discriminating readers.

W. EUGENE SHIELDS

HOW TO TEACH CONSUMERS' COOPERATION. By C. Maurice Wieting. Harper and Bros. \$2

ONE of the principles demonstrated by the economic miracle worked in Nova Scotia under the leadership of St. Francis Xavier University is that education in the philosophy, organization and methods of consumer cooperation is a prerequisite to success. If the movement is to remain sound and escape the pitfalls of "faddism," thought must precede action and accompany it.

This book is the latest manifestation of the intense interest of American cooperators in the work of education. It is designed to foster the growth of courses in cooperation in the nation's public schools, and like most cooperative literature is as simple and practical as tomorrow's breakfast.

The first chapters are devoted to background. After a succinct statement of the principles of consumer cooperation, the author sketches the worldwide growth of the movement and attempts, successfully, an evaluation. The average teacher who wants to know the main facts about cooperatives, but lacks the time to read a more extensive treatise, will find these chapters an adequate background for classroom work.

The second part of the book deals with the main issue—the relation of courses in consumer cooperation to the school curriculum. A survey of what is actually being done is followed by suggested patterns for courses. There is a good bibliography and a large list of selected readings. For some unaccountable reason, the helpful publications of the Queen's Work Press are missing, although the author recognizes the fine work accomplished by the Sodality in this field.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

RICE IN THE WIND. By Kathleen Wallace. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50

FOR the milieu of this interesting story, Kathleen Wallace takes her readers to China. There one meets a young English Consul, Martin Drummond, who becomes infatuated with Jane Gallienne, the very attractive daughter of a medical missionary. Tradition, background and viewpoint do not blend too harmoniously in these two lives. Temporarily their marriage is wrecked by the jealousy of a jilted suitor. But a deep and genuine love wins out, and in the end we find Mr. and Mrs. Drummond happy in the ruins of a blitzed London—she a nurse in the ranks of her adopted country; he a soldier with his British fellows.

Kathleen Wallace writes an attractive, quiet story. Deftly she weaves a keen knowledge of China, its people and their lives into her tale. Conservatism and progressiveness struggle for predominance in these people. Their seriousness of purpose contrasts somewhat sharply with the lives of the small American and British colony in Ter-hol. It was this contrast, this living with its evident lack of direction, which stunned and wounded Jane Gallienne. It was Jane's own solid worth which called Martin away from Ter-hol and a very promising career in the consular service.

Rice in the Wind is a very creditable novel. It is pleasant reading of unpleasant times.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL

WORLD WITHOUT END. By Gilbert Frankau. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.75

IN many ways this is a remarkable book. It is remarkable that in the face of a threatened paper shortage the book should have been published. It is remarkable also in its hero, Miles Radcliffe, who is a gentleman adventurer, fighter and lover. From World War I to the present catastrophe inclusive, no war worthy of the name was fought without the help of the said Miles. He is tall, handsome and the quiet type, and of course the light-headed women are attracted. However, he has "no sense of the fey"—an expression that Mr. Frankau must like, for he uses it three times in twenty lines—and Miles goes through life enjoying himself, regardless of what the cost is to others. A coincidental meeting with his mother, who had deserted him when he was a child, awakens Miles to a sense of responsibility and the meaning of life. If, in a moment of distraction, you should read this book, pay attention to Miles, for we suspect that you will see him later on the silver screen. Hollywood, here we come!

JOHN A. O'CALLAGHAN

CHARLES KEENAN, Staff member, speaks with particular interest on the book he reviews, as he attended Mr. Lewis' lectures at Oxford.

JOSEPH BLUETT, S.J. is professor of Theology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

JOSEPH R. N. MAXWELL is President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. He did post-graduate studies in English at Fordham.

THE SCREWTAPE LETTERS

By C. S. LEWIS

"Mr. Lewis has the happy idea of posing certain aspects of Christian morality by inversion. . . . The author exhibits a remarkable knowledge of human nature and Screw-tape makes remarkably apt observations on the nature of God and His relationship with men."—COMMONWEAL.

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THERE has been great interest in the Wagnerian Cycle, *The Ring of the Nibelungen*, recently given at the Metropolitan Opera. *Das Rheingold*, which Wagner desires us to regard as a Prolog to the other three dramas, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* (the latter having been discussed in AMERICA, January 9), opens with one of the most imaginative scenes in the whole realm of opera. The orchestral Prelude is constructed on the simplest lines, being founded entirely on a single chord.

Wagner started to compose the legendary *Rheingold* in 1853. The characters are not mortals, but gods and goddesses, and the myth is delivered in recitative and dialog in its entirety. On the musical side, the difficulty of retaining a coherent impression of any of the "Ring" Operas is not the scarcity but the superfluity of *Leitmotifs*, and leading musical themes. Here, I will make an attempt to ensure a general grasp of the story of *Rheingold*.

Scene One is set at the bottom of the Rhine. The Rhinemaidens sing and enjoy the contemplation of their treasure, the Gold. They mock the dwarf Alberich, and tell him that the gold may be his if he forswears love. He agrees—to their horror. The principal musical themes in the order of their introduction in this scene may be named as follows; "Immanent Will," "The Rhinemaiden Motive," "The Rheingold," "Longing," and "The Ring Motive."

In the Second Scene, Wotan, the father of the gods, and his wife Fricka are enjoying their new home, when Freia, her sister, the goddess of youth, enters. She is pursued by two giants, Fafnir and Fasolt, who claim her as their reward for having built Wotan's new home. Loge, who has searched in vain for a ransom for Freia, makes the suggestion that Wotan steal the Rheingold from Alberich.

The giants declare their acceptance and Wotan makes the eternal choice between right and might. New musical motives are introduced in this scene over and above "The Ring Motive." They are "Walhalla," "The Giant," "Freia's Motive," "Mime," and "The Dance and Fire Music."

There are only two principal *Leitmotifs* used in Scene Three—"The Ring," and "The Dance and Flicker of Fire." In this scene, Wotan and Loge enter. Loge, after hearing about the ring from Mime, soothes Alberich by flattery. Alberich displays his newly found power and turns himself into a mouse.

In the final scene, Alberich is made to surrender the treasure, the ring, and he pronounces a curse on all of its future owners. The giants demand enough gold to conceal Freia's figure, and claim the ring. They obtain it, and immediately begin to fight. Fafnir kills Fasolt, and leaves with the treasure. Wotan is consoled by Fricka, but The Rhinemaidens, heard offstage, are not consolable. They lament the loss of their treasure, the Gold. The music heard in the Finale is a recapitulation of what has gone before.

Julius Huehn was given a big opportunity. He sang Wotan, but was not convincing as an actor or in vocal equipment. This great dramatic role requires a double voice, a bass and a baritone in one. Neither was Walter Olitzki's voice big enough for Alberich's role. Rene Maison gave us an artistic Loge, while Kirstin Thorborg with her deep, rich contralto was completely negative as Fricka. Karin Branzell's Erda ended just where it started, one tone higher than the written music; and why not a youthful Freia?

With the possible exception of Karl Laufkoetter's Mime, the singers were not immortal either in their portrayal of character or in their songs.

ANNABEL COMFORT

THEATRE

LADY IN THE DARK. There must be a general brightening of the atmosphere of Broadway and Fifty-Third Street. Gertrude Lawrence and her company are there, at the Broadway Theatre, in their revival of *Lady in the Dark*. It is more than two years since my first review of this musical comedy appeared in *AMERICA*. Now, glancing over that review (February 15, 1941) and comparing it with the performance I saw the second night of the revival, I find little to change in my original opinion of the offering.

It is true that the company has just ended a long, hard road tour. It is also true that a few of the best members have fallen by the wayside during that experience. But it is true, too, that the road tour was so brilliantly successful and the road replacements of the resigning members were so good, that few, if any, individuals in the new Broadway audiences will complain of changes. There is only one change I myself deplored. This is that Miss Lawrence no longer gives her audiences an encore on "Jenny," her best song and dance in the musicale.

One understands exactly why she doesn't. "Jenny" comes toward the end of the performance, when the star has already given us much more enjoyment than we deserve. I am sure that she herself is not reasoning that way, though she is undoubtedly feeling the strain of the longest and most arduous part in any modern musical offering. She is tired even before she begins, though she gives no evidence of it. The singing and dancing of "Jenny" call for an immense amount of vitality, humor and élan in the star. In her first season here, she gave them all twice in succession. Now she sings and dances "Jenny" only once, and every intelligent spectator knows why.

Most theatregoers are familiar with the story of *Lady in the Dark*. We are shown a woman magazine editor, Liza Elliott, who is breaking down nervously and seeking help from a nerve specialist. That doesn't sound very cheerful, but it often is, and is always dramatic. The patient relaxes on a couch and we are shown in a series of throwbacks from the beginning to the end of the musicale those scenes of her past life which she is describing to the doctor. We see her as a child, as a young girl, as a busy editor, as a public singer and dancer. There is great variety and great charm as well, for there is always Miss Lawrence.

Danny Kaye is no longer with the company, but his place is well filled. Margaret Dale, Liza's fellow editor and close friend, is still supporting her to the deep satisfaction of every audience. We couldn't spare Miss Dale. She is showing us one of the finest spinsters on the modern stage—steady, eminently sensible, self-reliant and reliable. Others who are doing good work are Eric Brotherson, Hugh Marlowe, Willard Parker, Jane Irving and Lee Bergere.

The end of the musicale shows us Liza, greatly improved in health by her specialist, and very much in love with an office assistant she has consistently snubbed till then. It also shows him, running true to form in his sudden elevation, assuming her desk chair and her job, disapproving of and changing all her work. Liza wouldn't stand for that a minute in real life, but the curtain goes down on it with merciful speed.

The magic name of Sam H. Harris is on the program as producer, with that of Moss Hart as author, Kurt Weill as composer, Ira Gershwin as writer of the lyrics, and Hassard Short as responsible for the production and lighting. Albertina Rasch's dancers are still all they should be. But, as in the original production, it is Miss Lawrence who carries superbly the beginning, the middle and the end of *Lady in the Dark*.

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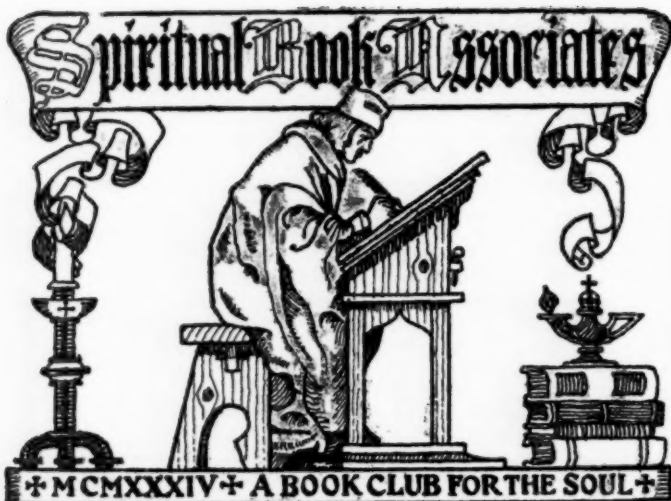
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FILMS

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS. Even though an interesting cast has been assembled and does a creditable job, its work is unable to give substance to the ineffective material provided. It would take more than Lana Turner and Robert Young, ably aided by such stalwarts as Walter Brennan, Dame May Whitty and Alan Mobraay, to put life into this Cinderella theme. A small-town girl, dissatisfied with existence as a soda jerker, decides to leave it all. Pretending suicide, she goes to New York where her fairy godmother, in the form of a prosaic accident, supplies the chance that allows her to pose as the heiress daughter of a millionaire. Finally, conscience and a young man from home catch up with the pretender but, true to form, she lives happily ever after. Drama and comedy have been mixed up together in such an unconvincing melange that one is never certain which is which. This presentation is offered to adults. (MGM)

FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM. Paralleling parts of the career of Amelia Earhart, this film is bound to cause interest and discussion. Romance and adventure have been excitingly blended, then tied up neatly with a novel angle concerning the war. Rosalind Russell is cast as the fictional heroine whose courage and skill make her the foremost woman flier in the country. Though her romantic affairs with two men, played by Fred MacMurray and Herbert Marshall, have definite and important places in the tale's unraveling, the record is essentially that of a national figure. After she has captured all kinds of prizes, the Government plans to utilize the efforts of the aviatrix in securing information concerning unmapped Pacific islands mandated to the Japanese. By scheduling a fake landing at sea, the Navy intends to constitute a search for the lost woman and to photograph the fortifications *en route*. When the flier learns that the wily Nipponese have had wind of the scheme, she deliberately crashes her plane into the ocean so that the Navy can achieve its purpose. Unfortunately, this finale merits an *objectionable* rating for an entertaining and imaginative offering, since the heroine's suicide is presented as noble and justifiable. (RKO)

THE MYSTERIOUS DOCTOR. Mystery addicts may find some chills and thrills scattered through this ghost story. A village idiot and a headless ghost help to make the total proceedings grisly and eerie. The setting is a fog-covered, bleak Scotch mining village where the phantom without a head scares the inhabitants with wits and terrorizes those without. The appearance of a knife-throwing ghost stops work at the tin mine. Revelations disclose that this is just what the Nazi agents who inaugurated the plot desired. John Loder has the leading role and plays up the suspense satisfactorily for all the members of the family. (Warner Brothers)

OUR LADY OF PARIS. This is not cinema entertainment in the generally accepted sense, for it is an artistic document, a chronicle of the history of Notre Dame of Paris. Contemplating the possibility of some destruction to the famed Cathedral during the war, this photographic record was made and sent out of the country. An instructive and inspiring commentary accompanies scenes of the church's interior and exterior. We view the statues and altars, spires and windows in all their beauty. Reverend Robert W. Gardner, the commentator, sees in glorious Notre Dame a symbol of freedom, whose lofty spires call out to Frenchmen to arise and to live again. A copy of this film has been placed in the Vatican archives. Photographed with taste and artistry, this is an unusual cinematic presentation and is most worthwhile. (Herliman)

MARY SHERIDAN

CORRESPONDENCE

EUCCHARISTIC MONTH

EDITOR: In April, 1937, three priests, one nun, a number of seminarians and one lay person, *privately* set aside the month as a *Month of the Holy Eucharist*: in 1942 that initial membership increased to one of several hundred. Once again, this April, for the *seventh* successive year a Month of the Holy Eucharist, will be observed by a group of priests, religious and the laity. The twofold purpose of this Eucharistic movement, which is being carried on with the knowledge of ecclesiastical authority, is: first, a more intensive glorification of the Holy Eucharist and, second, an increase of its saving and sanctifying effects in souls through a better knowledge and deeper love of this Divine Mystery.

Indulgences are granted by Holy Mother Church for the observance of a Eucharistic Month. Membership entails no obligation beyond that of observing April as the *Month of the Holy Eucharist*: and, of course, this obligation does not bind under pain of sin. Spiritual exercises of the Month are left to the choice of the individual, but the following are highly recommended: frequent, and when possible, daily attendance at Holy Mass and reception of Holy Communion; daily visits to the Blessed Sacrament; the Hour of Adoration, once or twice during the Month, preferably every week, and the reading of literature pertaining to the Holy Eucharist. A list of appropriate books and pamphlets will be sent to anyone requesting it.

Anyone interested in the movement may communicate with the writer at 47 East 81st Street, New York, N. Y.
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LORETTA J. FURCHT

SOCIAL CONSCIOUSNESS

EDITOR: Perhaps it is not quite fair to draw Father Shiels, our good friend, into a second controversy while he is still engaged in a previous one. The article in the current issue of *AMERICA*, however, on *Social Consciousness* leaves me a bit confused.

It is true that the *idea* of "social consciousness" is not new to Catholics. But is it Father Shiels' contention that the Catholic population of today is so "socially aware" of the trend of the times, and their obligations in regard to social action, that they are influencing modern life in proportion to their possibilities and potentialities? If so, a slight demurrer is in order.

He mentions this Catholic Labor School as an example. While it is nice to think that here and there we find an appreciative soul who pays a compliment to the efforts of those engaged in the work, six years of experience in the field would make us hesitant to cite it as a proof that Catholics are "socially conscious." If anything, it emphasizes the contrary. The ACTU and the Catholic Labor Schools are the most active and the most direct instruments at work in this field. If 10,000 working people have been substantially and permanently influenced in the past five or six years, the estimate is a generous one. It is true that untold good is being done, and unnumbered instances of effective help to the trade unionists might be recorded. But there are something like 50,000,000 men and women working today, there are 10,000,000 workers in organized labor, we have about 23,000,000 Catholics and somewhere around 37,000 priests in the country. The dentist has a comparatively easy task in pulling teeth in relation to interesting the clergy, the educators, labor leaders and working people, to say nothing of Catholic employers, in a consistent, persevering endeavor to study, learn and to put into practice the social program of the Church.

By comparison, the Catholic Labor School militants excel most of the Catholic Action groups that we know, at least to the extent that they meet the issues more directly by immediate contact. This point is taken not to mean that other Catholic Action organizations are less appreciated, but to advance the argument that the example cited disproves, rather than strengthens, the thesis that Catholics, including the clergy, really are "socially conscious."

We are inclined to the opinion that the slogan "Be socially conscious" should not be soft-pedaled but rather dinned into the ears of all within hearing distance.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Director of Crown Heights
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THE MOST DECORATED

EDITOR: Those of your readers who read the write-up of Kenneth Gradle, "the most decorated" in *Time* (February 22, 1943) may be interested in the enclosed letter, which throws a lot of light on his character.

St. Louis, Mo.

J. K. L.

February 19th, 1943.

Pyote, Texas.

Dear Mom and Dad: Received the book that you sent me, it was just the thing that I needed.

I have been receiving letters from all over the States congratulating me and wishing me the best of luck. Even received one from a girl who thought she rode in the same train I did when I came home on my furlough.

I received a big write-up in *Time* magazine. Did you ever see such a horrible picture of me as was in the paper? I feel like suing them.

I went and received Holy Communion the other Sunday. Getting to be a pretty good boy!

Glad to know that Dad and you are getting along O.K. Say, Mom, why don't you go and see a doctor just as a favor for me. There may be nothing wrong, but it is best to play on the safe side.

I came near asking you for a coupon so I could get a pair of shoes, but my publicity enabled me to get a pair so I am all set now. Hope you and Dad are feeling O.K. Just about all I can think of now, as you know this place is not so full of life.

Love

KENNY

FREE LITHUANIA NOW

EDITOR: Congratulations for the two excellent articles on Lithuania, which appeared in your February 20 issue. Surely the Atlantic Charter is meant to guarantee the integrity of this gallant country in any post-war settlement. To surrender her to the control of any other power, whether Communist or Fascist, would make a mockery of all the high principles for which we claim to fight, and to defend which our boys are so generously dying in all quarters of the globe. Truly, it would seem to be both just and fitting that a clear, specific assurance be given to Lithuania that neither political expediency nor any other reason will induce us to betray her cause. Such an assurance would clear the air of much doubt and confusion, and would spur our people to redouble their efforts to crush the oppressive Nazi power.

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PARADE

THE stream of current history sped by during the week, displaying events of a distinctly topsy-turvy pattern in greater number than is its wont. . . . The sudden mobilizing of such events may or may not portend a significant social trend, sociologists commented. . . . First herald of the onrush burst in Hartford, Connecticut. Two bandits held up a policeman, took his money and gun. . . . The policeman had barely arrived at the station house to report the robbery to the police when, on the other side of the nation, a Seattle letter-carrier tried to make a mail collection from a fire-alarm box. . . . In New Jersey, when an Admiral arrayed in gold braid appeared in the doorway of a hotel, a civilian shouted to him: "Call me a taxi." . . . As the Admiral in Jersey was explaining that he was not a doorman, there occurred on the streets of Syracuse, N. Y., a collision between two pedestrians. Following the crash, one pedestrian entered a \$5,000 suit against the other. . . . In Harrisburg, Pa., a thirty-two-year-old man attending a party laughed so hard at a joke that he dislocated his jaw and had to be rushed to a hospital. . . . In Topeka, Kansas, a drug store announced it was out of meat, coffee, butter and had nothing left but drugs. . . . A rooster brought from Iowa to Oregon continued to operate on Central war time, awakening a farm family at 2 A.M., two hours ahead of schedule. Efforts to induce the fowl to switch to Pacific war time failed. . . . In Memphis, Tennessee, a colored man asked the Rent Control Administrator who his landlord was. When the Administrator informed him the party he paid rent to was his landlord, the colored man declared: "I don't pay any rent. Nine years ago I found me a vacant house and moved in and have never paid any rent." Following the Administrator's intimation that there was no cause for complaint in that event, the colored man remarked: "Brother, I know that. But if somebody don't fix that roof I'm gonna move out."

Courts grappled with modern problems. . . . An Idaho judge in granting a divorce awarded custody of the canned goods, both in tins and jars, to the wife. . . . The rising rate of divorce caused alarm. A report of the Cleveland Bar Association analyzing the increase declared: "People are making more money, so they have much more to fight about." . . . Names were simplified. . . . A Rhode Island family won court permission to change their name from Woycieszyn to Woyciesjes. . . . Exciting incidents occurred. . . . In Nebraska, a train crashed into a truck, demolishing it but sparing the driver. As he was exulting over his escape, a policeman stepped up and handed him a ticket for driving without a license. . . . At a California marriage, one member of the wedding party had to be hurried to a hospital for an emergency operation, another upset a waiter's tray full of champagne glasses, another fainted, and the bride's veil caught fire. Later, the young couple left for a honeymoon.

Daniel M. Casey, the "mighty Casey" of the famous poem: "Casey at the Bat," died in Washington last month, aged eighty. . . . Back in 1887, Casey, a pitcher of Philadelphia, came to bat in the last half of the ninth against the New York Giants. Philadelphia, trailing 4 to 3, had two men on base. . . . If Casey had knocked the ball over the fence and won the game he would have been forgotten long ago. . . . He struck out, and today, fifty-six years later, the newspapers are still giving him front-page headlines. . . . Many a man has become a hero in eternity who seemed to strike out on earth. . . . One outstanding instance is that of the Man Who appeared to be such a failure on a certain Friday.

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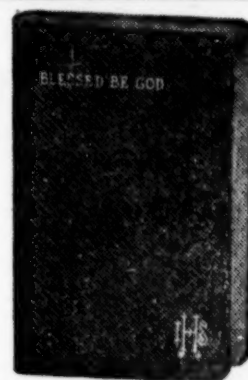
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WILL PHILADELPHIANS CHOOSE TO ACT?

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR

Spurred by the advertisement on Libraries and *America*, I started a solo Gallup Poll of libraries in which I had browsed.

F. H. Price, Librarian of the Free Library System of Philadelphia, stated: "We have at the Main Library a complete set of *America*. The policy of the Free Library is not to subscribe for religious periodicals for Branch Libraries. Of course, we are happy to receive these if any friend wishes to present subscriptions. One of the patrons of the library has presented a subscription to *America* to our Chestnut Hill Branch. If any persons care to present other subscriptions to branch libraries we shall be very glad to receive *America*."

Harold West, Librarian of the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia, one of the oldest subscription libraries in the country—our fathers and grandfathers were stockholders in this library and all our childhood and girlhood reading days were spent in that fascinating place—says: "We do not have *America* on our shelves. We carry *Commonweal* and *The Catholic World*. We would be delighted to receive *America* as a gift. Our budget does not allow us to purchase it."

In response to a query put to Georgia Couch, of the Temple University Library, she stated: "We do not subscribe to *America*."

Out over the muddy Schuylkill River to the Drexel Institute of Technology, we put a question about *America* to Marie Hamilton Law. Her answer was: "Our Library does not subscribe to the periodical *America*."

In the nearby University of Pennsylvania Library, C. Seymour Thompson, stated: "So far, we have had no demand for *America*. Our space is limited. We subscribe to periodicals which are actively in demand by the faculty or students."

Mrs. Catharine J. Pierce, Reference Librarian of Swarthmore College, said very frankly: "I am sorry to report that I cannot help you in determining the popularity of *America* in this vicinity, for we do not subscribe to it, and I do not know the magazine at all."

Then to still another Quaker Library we put the query about *America*, and Elsa Lisle, Librarian of Haverford College, said: "We are not familiar with *America*."

Bryn Mawr College, through its Librarian, Lois A. Reid, also had to admit that the Bryn Mawr College Library does not subscribe to *America*.

Maybe there are some people not financially restricted who can supply *America* to these libraries.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ADELAIDE MARGARET DELANY

ADDRESSED TO OUR READERS

As long as there are Philadelphians imbued with the zeal and the vision and the intrepidity of Adelaide Margaret Delany, well known writer and social worker, the Catholic cause will progress in Philadelphia. Miss Delany embarked upon a quest. She sought exact information about the placement or the non-placement of *America*, the National Catholic Spokesman of the Week, in some Philadelphia libraries.

Her findings are herewith reported. Will Philadelphians read her report and ease back contentedly and say—well, what? Or are there Philadelphians who will rise up and say: "I am going to help to place *America* in the libraries mentioned, and in other public libraries." We wonder.

We wonder more whether there may arise other ladies and gentlemen, in other cities, New Orleans and New York, Boston and Detroit, St. Louis and San Francisco, Chicago and Los Angeles, who will find the facts, as did Miss Delany, and who will report them—for further action by the good citizens of these cities and other communities throughout the nation.

America, as the Catholic spokesman on questions of today and tomorrow, should be in every public library and in the library of every educational and cultural establishment.

Will you join the crusade? Let the world know that the Catholic Church has *America*! Let *America* reveal the Catholic opinion on current topics to the world! This is a forceful apostolate, since non-Catholics are seeking to know just how the Catholic Church stands on the questions of the day.

You may help by: 1. donating an *America* subscription to some public or institutional library; 2. presenting a resolution to some society or group to donate an *America* subscription to a public library.

AMERICA IN SALEM

Academie Sainte Chretienne

For several weeks we have read the appeals in *America* and determined each time to do "something." Finally our interest was aroused by the possibility of The Class of 1943 sending a subscription to our own city library, where our own friends and relations would see and read it, and marvel at our good citizenship!

So please send a subscription to: "The Librarian, Salem Public Library, Essex St., Salem, Mass." with a greeting from: The Senior Class of St. Chretienne Academy.

We are only a small class of twelve girls and we do appreciate your wonderful publication, though some of us did feel it over our heads. We will grow up to it, nevertheless.

Enclosed you will find a check for \$4.50. That is our little bit for Catholic Press Month.

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